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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE NEW RICH.

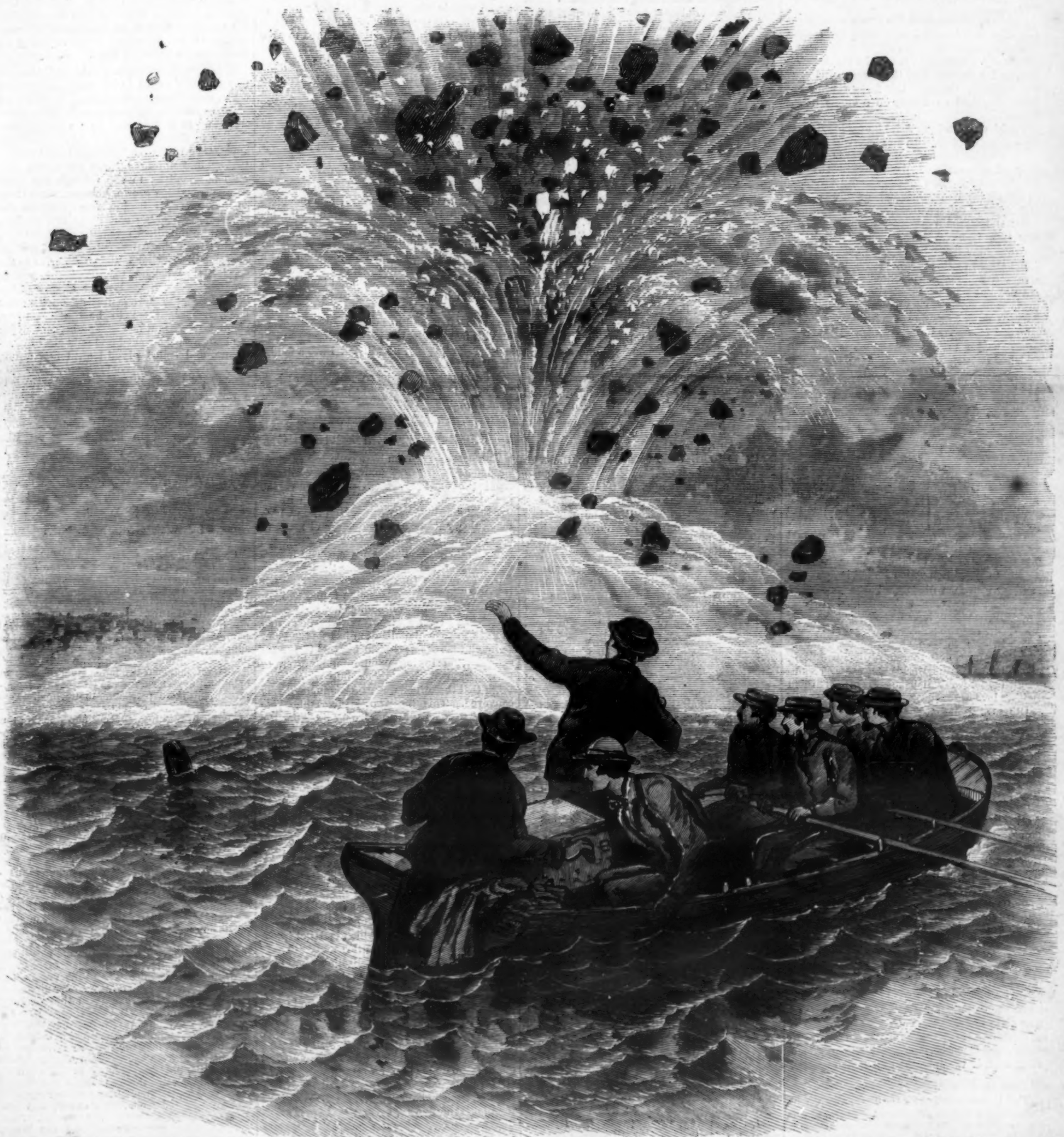
It is, at first glance, a matter of wonder that rich men have so few friends; so little of the respect of the world at large; so few that envy their real position, and who would accept their money, with their habits and ways of using it;

so little personal comfort or real happiness. But this wonder is dissipated with every rich man you know, and vanishes entirely away as you become intimately acquainted with him, and see into his real self. From what the man was before he got his riches he is generally very little altered afterward; certainly

he is no better, if anything, he is deteriorated thereby. His self-esteem makes him think himself superior to his neighbor who has not made money.

A rich man does not believe in luck and chance, or good fortune, he thinks his wealth came because he was the "smartest." The

man who made money at Oil Creek thinks it was his superior knowledge which told him that this spot, and that, were the ones where he should sink a well. The gold speculator who chanced "to hit it," will tell you "he knew that gold must come down, and that's why he sold short." The arrogance of these men,



CALIFORNIA.—THE BLOWING-UP OF BLOSSOM ROCK, IN THE MAIN CHANNEL OF THE HARBOR OF SAN FRANCISCO, ON SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 147.

whose fortunes came with the exercise of as little ability as that exhibited by the drawer of the first prize in a lottery—this arrogance is hard to bear by those who have chanced to lose their venture. A course of bad luck serves to tone them down sometimes, and afterward they have more sympathy for others, and less conceit in themselves.

A rich man never sees why he should pay more for an article or a service than anybody else, and he always imagines that he is being preyed upon by traders and every one he employs, and in consequence he is apt to be complaining, querulous, sometimes litigious. He is apt by the world to be considered mean and petty. The fact is, a man cannot change the rooted habits of a life. His early, straightened circumstances have accustomed him to be careful of the pennies. He has been to market from early years, and has always looked sharply at the weights and measures, and has been accustomed to offer a little less than the asked price. He was always good at a bargain, and now he merely keeps up his lifetime habits, and he is called "a mean old hunk." But take him out of this sphere, in a new element, these habits vanish. In his gorgeous house, in the halls of commerce, where thousands and millions are moving, he is tied by no thralldom. He has no antecedent habits of thought or action. He saves his penny, from custom; he prodigalizes his thousands under the impulse of the moment, and under no restraint of custom.

But to see a new man, the ocean must separate him from his past self, and a new tongue must banish all remembrances of economy and parsimony. Franks drive out the ideas of dollars, and a thousand of the former will slip, unrestrained, through the fingers which at home clutched so tightly on a single magic dollar.

Try him in charity. Ask him for ten dollars for a forlorn widow, with any imaginable number of starving children. You will fail most fully, for he has refused all his life to give to such people. But try him for ten thousand dollars to furnish ice for the hospitals of Alaska. He is flattered at being called on, with Stewart and Astor and Peabody—and for some thousands. The idea is novel. What a sensation! To give away ten thousand dollars! He'll do it.

But there are still other reasons, besides the arrogance and meanness of rich men, why they are not liked by those who know them and those who don't. One is their selfishness. Some of them have fine city houses, pictures, horses, country houses, with graperies, grounds, and every evidence of wealth, but which they keep solely for their own benefit. Some will show you their pictures, which are thereby benefited, so far as they may be afterward talked about. But they never give a poor relative or friend such a glass of wine or such a dinner as shall be a real treat to him. If these are ever bestowed, they are state affairs, and to some contemporary nabob, who is expected to reciprocate. His brothers and sisters, and perhaps his old father and mother, are indeed kept out of the poor-house, but they have mighty little to thank their rich relative for. "Let them make it, as I did," he says. But he dies some day, and then—the Tract Societies and the Mission to Timbuctoo divide his wealth, that the testator's soul may not attain to the perdition which he felt it deserved.

Other rich men disgust all who know them by their profligacy and vicious habits. Riches, suddenly acquired, have not changed their natures, but only given them the means to develop it. Sensualists always, they now feel elevated above, and therefore disregardful of, the censure of the world. A career of unbridled lust and debauchery brings them neither love nor respect.

Others still, perhaps less reprehensible, but certainly little cared for, who say that "they owe nothing to nobody." They do as they please; they rarely give; they are not ostentatious, nor do they pamper themselves overmuch. They care for nobody; is it strange that "nobody cares for them?"

There are rich men, however, whom no wealth has had power to injure. Kindly, generous, with a heart open as the day to melting charity, in their upward path from comparative poverty to affluence they have left no friends behind, but drawn up all into the sun shine of their prosperity. We would gladly here record the name of one never vainly puffed up, whose house is hospitable, with no show of ostentation; whose hand is ever ready to relieve actual want, to assist a friend, to encourage genius, industry, fidelity; to succor the needy, and to bury the dead, and find employment and support for the destitute orphans. The readers of this paper ought to know such a man, an example of so many virtues and graces.

Wealth gilds such natures with no unnatural glory; and the observing world is no more envious than of the splendor of a summer cloud.

The Representative for the Third Wisconsin Congressional District offers his appointment at Annapolis for competitive examination, and names a Miss Addington as one of the examining board.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 21, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

ALL ABOUT THE ISTHMUS.

We have before us the first number of a new paper, just established in the capital of Honduras, entitled *El Ferro Carril Interocéanico* (the Inter-oceanic Railway), with the motto, "*Hic locus est gemini janua vasta maris*"—or, in equivalent English, Here is the gate between the two seas. The paper professes to be dedicated to the material and political progress of the country, to which, it claims, the proposed inter-oceanic railway will largely and certainly contribute. And the paper is positively interesting, since it contains an elaborate and formal report of a special commissioner of the Government—Don Francisco Alvarado—on the present state of the projected railway, and what has been done and is doing. The intelligence we have hitherto received about this work has been very much perverted in passing through Panama, where a deep jealousy exists of all Central American enterprises calculated to divert trade or travel from that isthmus. The salient points in Señor Alvarado's report are:

1. An iron wharf, in the form of a T, has been built at Port Cortez, the Atlantic terminus of the road. It is 240 feet long, and reaches to 24 feet of water. Señor Alvarado found a vessel there discharging 700 tons of rails, etc.

2. The grading of the first section of the road (55 miles) is going on simultaneously at various points, and is almost complete. The rails (February 22d) were down for eleven miles.

3. One bridge of iron, over the outlet of Alvarado Lagoon, 400 feet long, is complete, as are also others over the Rio Choloma (456 feet), Rio Bernujo (900 feet), and Rio Blanco (900 feet). That over the Rio Chamelicon (400 feet) will be put up as soon as the iron arrives from England.

4. One thousand four hundred men were at work on the line, which number would be augmented in March to upwards of two thousand. The men are paid \$13 per month, with rations; \$19 without. Since the commencement of the work, ten months ago, there have been but three deaths among the workmen.

5. One brig, two schooners, one ship, and an English vessel-of-war, were in Port Cortez at the time of the Commissioner's visit.

6. A considerable town had sprung up at Port Cortez, the people of Omca having generally removed there, as also a considerable part of the population of the British establishment of Belize. The government has asked the United States to transfer the consulship at Omca to Port Cortez.

From all this, it appears that the work is well advanced. The contracts call for its completion in August, 1872. It will be about two hundred miles long, with its southern terminus in the fine Bay of Fonseca, on which the three States of Nicaragua, Honduras, and San Salvador have ports. The ports of Honduras, at both extremities, are to be free ports. It is claimed that this road will shorten the distance, via the isthmus, between New York and San Francisco, twelve hundred miles, as compared with Panama, and save in time, in consequence of greater facilities of embarkation and disembarkation, from six to eight days.

The *Ferro Carril* contains the new law of Honduras concerning emigration. Emigrants are entitled to all the privileges of native-born citizens; they are exempt from all civil or military service for ten years; if they cultivate any portion of the public lands for five years, they acquire the right of property; all religions are tolerated, and the privilege of establishing distinct cemeteries is conceded; no duties are to be charged on the machines, tools, books, etc., introduced by emigrants, etc., etc.

A concession has been granted for a State bank, and contracts have been made for telegraphs, including a submarine cable to the United States.

All of which proves that Honduras shares the progressive spirit of the age, and is entering intelligently on a career of prosperity.

A WHOLESOME DEBT.

Is Benjamin Franklin was to return again to life, among many sources of astonishment that he would find, not the least would be to see some of his most cherished apothegms not only disregarded, but disputed and disproved. Many of them were true at the date they were enunciated, and for the character and condition of the people for whom they were intended. Many are partially true now, and, with certain limitations, may answer as maxims for another century.

Among this latter class may be placed his advice against running in debt. Debt is pointed out as the cause of all misery and the

parent of many crimes, to be avoided as one should avoid the proximity of contagion. In fact, probably no maxim was more generally received as correct than this. The old farmer was imbued with its teachings, yet not wholly consenting to its full sweep, when addressing his son, upon his death-bed; he says, "Finally, John, remember my last injunctions. Never run in debt, on no account, John; but if you must, why, let it be for manure."

At the present day, the most wholesome thing for a young man entering upon life, is a wholesome debt! We say this advisedly, after no little thought—a wholesome debt! The farmer's wholesome debt was for manure. Debt to obtain an education, a business start, is also wholesome.

No debt at a tailor's, or a debt upon a book at a grocery or butchers' is wholesome, and no person should have one, not only because thereby one pays double prices, but because utterly unnecessary. If one has not the money for a pound of coffee, far better to go without it for a meal or two, and then start fair; and an old coat is far more comfortable than one unpaid for, and in the end will be found to produce more respect from the world.

But for a young man to buy a house, or a farm, or an interest in a business—a purchase judiciously made, with a balance unpaid, is unquestionably a good and wise action. A man free from debt spends freely, for he says, Why may I not? I owe nobody, and I surely may spend what is mine own. If he has a mortgage to pay off, this spare money is not uselessly, if pleasantly, squandered, but is reserved to wipe off the remaining indebtedness.

Another form for a wholesome indebtedness is an endowment life insurance. A young man of twenty-one, for instance, in the receipt of a small salary, insures his life for a thousand dollars, payable to his mother in case of his death before, or to himself, on arriving at thirty-one. He pays \$70 the first year, and the balance is an acknowledged indebtedness to the company, of \$90. Here he has a double benefit—first, to economize enough to pay his cash payment, and, next, to strive to diminish this indebtedness, which is not difficult, as each year his payment becomes less, till the last year, his full payment is but half the original one.

Or a young man marries. Let him buy a house. Economy will soon pay for it. His wife, if she is what a wife should be, will save enough in her housekeeping to pay for it in a few years. To be sure, the new silks will not come so often, and he may renounce smoking and his fast horses, but his declining years will be easy, and, dying, he will not leave a family destitute.

We will not pursue the subject farther; but, rely upon it, there is nothing more economical than a wholesome debt.

THE GROTESQUE IN RELIGION.

The brothers Grimm have collected in their German popular stories some—that are still current in the Catholic parts of Germany among the peasantry—which, while they are rich in the most familiar humor, are of a kind from which the ordinary Protestant genius would recoil in horror, but which, after all, combine grotesque fancy with really religious ideas. The following, however, is more grotesque than anything else. It relates to Brother Lustig (Brother "Merry," to translate his name into English), who makes friends with St. Peter, abuses his friendship in all sorts of unscrupulous and profane ways, and at length disowns St. Peter so much that the Apostle declines his further company, bestowing upon him, however, at parting, a magical knapsack, into which anything that the owner wishes for is immediately conveyed. This the Apostle gives him professedly to remove all motive for breaking the Commandments—rather short-sightedly, however, as the scapegrace uses it to rob people of their property, as well as for more refined purposes. The most humorous use, however, which he makes of the knapsack is to render it subservient to his salvation. He offers to sleep in a house haunted by nine devils, who always torture and kill any one who ventures to sleep there. Brother Lustig, quite undismayed at their diabolic dance round him, wishes them all into his knapsack, and then takes it straight to a blacksmith's, telling him to hammer away at it with all his might, which he does, in spite of the shrieks of the imprisoned devils, and when he opens the knapsack eight are dead; but one, which had got into a fold of the knapsack, scuttles away to hell. At length, as he grows old, Brother Lustig begins to think about his own state, and consults a hermit, who tells him there are two ways he can go—one broad and pleasant, to hell; and one narrow and rough, to heaven. "I must be a fool," thinks Brother Lustig, "if I were to take the narrow and rough road;" so he goes straight off to hell, and asks for admission. Luckily for him, however, the little sentinel at the gate is the very devil which had escaped from his knapsack. He rushes off to the highest authority, saying, "There is a soldier at the gate with a wonderful knapsack, but at no price let him in, or else he will wish

the whole of hell into his knapsack. He once gave me the nastiest possible hammering in it." Thereupon Brother Lustig is refused entrance into hell, whereupon he says, very composedly, that he has no choice but to try the other alternative, "for somewhere or other," he remarks, "I must stay." At the gate of heaven he finds St. Peter, who refuses him admittance, whereupon the sly fellow, with an air of hurt feeling, insists on returning the knapsack, for he will not keep a present at all from an acquaintance who is so little inclined to befriend him. St. Peter takes back the knapsack; Brother Lustig wishes himself into it, and so outmaneuvers the saint, and takes the kingdom of heaven, not indeed by force, but by craft.

WHITE-FISH.

It is stated that in consequence of reckless "netting," without regard to results, and on the principle of "the devil take the hindmost," or "what is posterity to us?" that excellent denizen of our upper lakes, the white-fish, is fast disappearing from its native waters. The catch in 1868 showed a great falling off in quantity compared with previous years, but that of 1869 has proved smaller still. This decrease is attributed to the use of "pound" or "trap nets," which are employed to drive the fish into pens, from whence they are taken as required. Others say that the fish are changing their haunts. It is suggested that artificial breeding be resorted to for replenishing the supply, as it no doubt could be with success, if the fishermen cared anything for to-morrow—which they don't.

It is a small satisfaction to know that while this fine fish seems to be disappearing, some other, even though not as good, is taking its place, or rather is emigrating to the lakes below Niagara. It is described as "a strange fish, similar to the shad," and as having made its appearance in Seneca Lake and Lake Ontario. "They first appeared three years ago, and were so small as to slip through the finest nets. They have grown, however, since then, so that they are seined in large quantities, the large ones weighing sometimes two pounds. They were doubtless originally salt-water fish, coming from the Atlantic by way of the St. Lawrence River, but opinions differ as to the species they belong to. Professor Agassiz pronounces them fresh-water alewives, but Seth Green, the 'pisciculturist,' on the other hand, believes them to be the fish which abound most in the Chesapeake, and which are known as brine shad and mud shad in Baltimore, and called gizzard shad in Norfolk, from the muscular peculiarity of their stomachs. Authorities, however, agree that it is a very toothsome fish for the table, scarcely inferior to the fresh-water shad itself; and, with all due deference to science, this must be acknowledged to be the most essential point."

HOW CONSUMPTION COMES.

NUMBER THREE.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

CONSUMPTION is, as already said, a blood disease—that is, a general disease of the system, which may develop itself in any organ, or in several of them. It may follow on, indeed generally does, as the suite of some exhausting, debilitating disease. Consumption of the lungs often results as the sequence of an acute inflammation, the direct result of exposure. Thin slippers, low-necked dresses, and a chill on leaving a ball-room, heated, for a cold ride home, have first inflamed the lungs, and acted as an opening-wedge for a disease less bold in its approach, but more persistent in its hold. Perhaps, too, neglect of this acute symptom—allowing it to remain, irritating and exciting the tissues, reducing the vital stamina—has aggravated the ill, and the result is, that, after the more formidable symptoms depart, a slight cough remains, to show that a fire is still smouldering, which may at any time burst out into a devastating conflagration.

The first symptom of consumption, in a large proportion of cases, is hemorrhage. A man has been actively employed, has run rapidly a certain distance, has lifted a heavy weight, and "felt something give way," and immediately perceived his mouth filled with blood; was greatly excited upon some occasion, and immediately spit up a mouthful of blood, and his spittle was speckled or streaked with blood for several days after. Such are some of the varied statements made to us by applicants for life insurance. Sometimes years have passed by since these events occurred, but careful companies avoid such risks. If the individual has actually no consumption, yet it shows that there is debility of the lung tissue—the vessels are weak if they thus give way under pressure. Cannon thus tested, and found thus yielding, are condemned. Why not living organisms?

Hemorrhage, however, is not necessarily a sign of consumption. Sometimes, indeed, it was but an ordinary nose-bleeding, slight in quantity, and from the position or stoppage of the nostrils, the blood escaped posteriorly from the nose into the mouth; sometimes it was from an apopleptic plethora; oftener still the blood originated from the stomach, and was carelessly ascribed to the lungs.

If, however, it proceeded from the lungs, and was the incipient evidence of a coming

disease, an examination of the lungs, at that precise moment, would evince a tuberculous deposit on the lung, and connected with a blood-vessel of greater or less magnitude, and its development had intruded upon the vessel till it had ulcerated, and then it required only the impulse of the blood, accelerated by some unusual exertion, to open a smaller or larger passage, from whence it flowed through the air-passages externally.

The tubercle is a minute spot of a whitish yellow color, as it first appears; and when numerous, as in what is called hasty consumption, stuff the lungs all—so full that they may be cut in layers, in any locality in which they appear, as thick as grains of salt mixed with pepper in equal quantities.

When, however, the initial hemorrhage has occurred, we may find but a few isolated tubercles, which have not remained in this primitive state, but have developed by the addition of increasing deposition, till it has attained any size up to that of a pea or small bean. This mass has the appearance of a sack filled, sometimes with a chalky matter, but generally with a cheesy-like substance, of more or less consistency, dependent upon its advancement; the natural tendency of its development being to soften, and, by ulceration, opening a passage to discharge themselves, leaving a cavity behind. These tubercles, in active consumption, are very numerous, and as they each in their turn soften and discharge, by opening into one another, they form cavities of varying immensity, so that sometimes they embrace whole lobes of the lung.

The immediate results consequent upon these suppurating, discharging tubercles, are, first, the irritation of this exuding material upon the passages, requiring a constant coughing to raise them up and pass them away. Then they have destroyed so much of the tissue of the lungs, and the adjoining inflammation has impeded the circulation of both air and blood through the lungs, that the respiration is seriously interfered with. It may, indeed, go on for a while, sufficiently for the demands of a person absolutely quiet, but the increased demand called for by more exercise cannot be supplied, and physical rest is imperative.

Soon the drain upon the system, consequent upon the supplying such an amount of wasting expectoration, begins to tell upon the sufferer. Deprived of exercise, the stomach rebels, and refuses food, except in very imperfect quantities, and of a not very nourishing quality.

The accompanying irritation brings on fever, and the heart, vainly trying to furnish blood, even if of imperfect quality, does it irregularly, and intermittent flushes and hectics show the general sympathy of the system, and the equally general disorganization.

Strange is it that, with death so apparent, hope still remains to the sufferer. In the intermissions of the disease, he is buoyed up by straws. To-day he discredits his fears of yesterday, and declaring that he never felt better in his life—save and except, he must himself admit, some trivial cough remaining, and sweats, and general exhaustion—trifles which to-morrow will dissipate—he ascribes a miraculous cure to some new nostrum, some new and wonderful quack-doctor, some extraordinary remedy from somebody whose sands had nearly run out.

Alas for the morrow! To-day's over-exertion, the cold superadded so easily by the slightest breath of adverse wind, the renewed pain in his side, his heightened fever, his hard cough, but show that the little lung tissue remaining sound, and doing yeoman's duty, is now impinged upon. He will soon join that innumerable caravan constantly journeying toward the promised land, whither we are all destined, and to which he has only by a little preceded us. If, indeed, with this disease, he lingers long on the road, he at least has abundant time for preparation. With suffering comes content, and, with utter exhaustion, even the rest of the quiet grave is sweet, and, with the fever on his brow, the coolness of the tomb, with eternity in view, is full of consolation.

BLOSSOM ROCK.

DIRECTLY in the channel of the magnificent harbor of San Francisco there existed, until the 23d of April, a ledge of rock, submerged at low tide but six feet, that seriously obstructed navigation, and, in the high winds which, at certain periods of the year prevail on the California coast, greatly endangered the shipping. The Government has for some years been endeavoring to find a feasible plan for its total removal, or else sufficient reduction to permit the passage of vessels at any stage of the tide. Colonel Von Schmidt finally suggested a scheme that was as original as he has since demonstrated it effective. His plan was to mine a chamber six feet beneath the surface of the rock. Into this chamber twenty-three tons of powder were placed; and, on Saturday, the 23d ult., at precisely two o'clock P. M., in the presence of many thousands of spectators, the powder was fired by the electric spark. Instantly a deep rumble, apparently coming up from the bowels of the earth, was heard. At the same time a column of water four hundred feet in diameter was lifted to the height of one hundred feet. From the centre of this column was seen rising a dense body of smoke; while, shooting upward with the swiftness of the rocket, were seen pieces of rock of no inconsiderable magnitude. The *Alta California* of the following day thus describes the explosion:

"It was now five minutes past two o'clock, and all eyes were riveted upon the frame-work above the rock, the only thing visible in the water, when suddenly the electric spark is sped forth, a low, rumbling noise, a sudden gush, a loud, heavy, thud-like report, are successively heard, followed by a loud, clear, and sharp explosion, as though the connection was not instantaneous. Now the sight was terrifically grand. A large circular volume of water, about four

hundred feet in diameter, shot into the air to the height of about one hundred feet; while, in the centre, and amalgamated with the water, could be seen black volumes of smoke and a sheet of stones, the latter ascending far above the water, and presenting, on the whole, the appearance of a vast volcanic eruption. Immediately after the explosion, every steamer and tug-boat blew their whistles and dipped their colors. Bells were rung, and guns fired, and a general feeling of delight and admiration seized every spectator. The scene was one of the most brilliant and imposing ever witnessed in the city, and one that will be long remembered. In the centre of the vast column a cone of water of smaller radius was shot up high into the air—higher than the surrounding water, and lending to the scene, already magnificently sublime, a feature no less admirable than attractive. The heavy volume of water returned immediately to its kindred element, leaving the air darkened with smoke, and after the lapse of some seconds, the stones and timbers came showering down with terrible fury. The water around the rock for a distance of nearly one thousand feet changed its native greenish hue for a yellow, muddy, dirty color. Timbers floated in all directions, and the surface of the water seemed filled with the debris of the wreck. The work, well conceived, well planned, and well carried out, was brought to a successful termination. Blossom Rock, but a few moments previously the object of intense anxiety, was now completely annihilated, and is a thing of the past."

The blast reduced the rock so much, that at low tide, instead of six, navigators have eighteen, feet of water for their ships.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE AMERICAN TUNE-BOOK. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

A comprehensive collection, in the cheapest form possible, of the most popular tunes, anthems, and set-pieces known in America, preceded by a course of instruction for singing-schools. A peculiarity of this book is, that, though it contains upward of seven hundred tunes, none of them are new; all are of established popularity.

WONDERS OF ITALIAN ART. From the French of LOUIS VIARDOT. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

Treats of painting in the middle ages, and of the time of the renaissance, and of the Florentine, Roman, Lombard, Venetian, Bolognese and Neapolitan schools, with numerous illustrations.

TEN YEARS IN WALL STREET. By WM. WORTHINGTON FOWLER. Illustrated by ANTHONY LUMLEY.

Nothing can well be more interesting to the outside world than this work, written, as it is, by a gentleman who has been concerned in the gambling transactions of that locality, where the "bulls" and "bears" swarm. It is, of course, written from a personal standpoint, and in a manner that can scarcely be considered historical. The dashing sketches of some of the Wall Street operations of Vanderbilt, Fisk, Daniel Drew, and others of the financial magnates of that specific quarter of the city, are spicily written, and will give the readers a clearer idea of purely speculative business connected with stock than they have heretofore had. As an interesting and, we may say, entertaining book upon what might be considered a dry subject, we may predict for it a fairly large circulation. Its chance of popularity will be greatly increased by the very clever illustrations supplied to the volume by Mr. Arthur Lumley, although, in one or two instances, he has considerably idealized—in one case, very gloriously—the gambling-business life of the metropolis. His portraits are generally excellent. We may particularly point out the heads of Daniel Drew, L. W. Jerome, and J. Fisk, Jr., as specially admirable. We would also call attention to the "View of the Gold-Room," the illuminated title-page—it contains a very capital sketch of Wall Street—and "Bubble Companies," as more particularly worthy of notice. Mr. Fowler is to be congratulated upon having secured so able an illustrator for his pages.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From T. B. PETERSON & Bros.: "The Banished Son," by Caroline Lee Hentz, and "The Mademoiselle of Ballycroyan."

From D. E. FISK & Co.: "The Guide-Board to Health, Peace and Competence," by W. W. Hall, M.D.

From VIRTUE & YORSTON: Late numbers of the *Art Journal*.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Review of the Cent-Gardes in the Palace of Industry.

On the 7th ult., the Emperor of France reviewed, in the presence of a large number of distinguished personages, civil and military, the squadron of cavalry specially attached to his person, known as the Cent-Gardes. This body, one hundred strong, is composed of the *élite* of the army, and is seen on all state occasions near the imperial carriages, to guard their occupants from accident of any kind. The squadron is quartered at the Tuileries, and its members lead an easy, jovial life, being well paid for the light duties that are required of them. The review was held in the Palace of Industry, near Paris.

Insurrection in Catalonia, Spain.

The insurrectionary spirit in Spain is not yet calmed, and riots and uprisings of all sorts are still chronicled from different parts of the country, and have been for some time. On the 2d of last April, the population of Gracia, one of the suburbs of Barcelona, cut the wires between Madrid and the latter place, thereby destroying communication, and armed themselves in opposition to the conscription draft, which has met with general opposition throughout the whole country. Barricades were erected in several of the principal streets, and the populace met the charge of the troops with great obstinacy, but were at length dispersed, leaving nine of their dead and several wounded at the foot of the barracks.

The Review of the English Militia.

On the 18th ult., the volunteer military organizations of "the metropolitan district and home counties," as the *Illustrated London News* names it, held their annual review at Brighton. Many thousands were present in military array, and, at the close of the review, engaged in a sham battle, in which artillery and cavalry, as well as infantry, participated. The day was warm, and the sun shone from a cloudless heaven, but not so warm as to exhaust those who were called upon to endure the fatigues of the march and the fight. Our engravings illustrate the early ar-

rival of the volunteers, by railway, at Brighton, and their rendezvous, with their families, on its far-spreading beach, where, for the time, "grim-visaged war put off his wrinkled front."

The Calpe Hunt Steeple-chase.

The *Illustrated London News*, referring to the origin of the Calpe Hunt Steeple-chase at Gibraltar, of which it gives a spirited illustration, which we reproduce, says: "In 1812, when Cadix was occupied by the English under the Duke of Wellington, some officers of the Guard and Royal Artillery procured fox-hounds from England, and, under the title of the 'Inia de Leon Hunt,' made havoc among the foxes which abounded in the neighborhood of Port St. Marya." This club broke up in 1815, and the hounds were transferred to the garrison at Gibraltar. These were subsequently united to the packs formed by the sporting merchants of Gibraltar. Continues the *News*: "The meeting shown in the illustration took place on the 24th of March last, at a place in Spain about three miles from the rock. The course presented a curious scene, owing to the variety of costumes worn by the spectators; for, though the Spaniards take little interest in either hunting or racing, and think the English are mad to race across the country as they do, when they could jog comfortably along the road—curiosity and the hope of gain prompted the attendance of considerable numbers of the native people."

Resting from Labor.

In consequence of the measures recently adopted by the British Parliament, intended for the pacification of Ireland, and the evidently revolutionary feeling which appears at this time to fill the hearts of its people, the London illustrated papers have dispatched artists thither to present graphic pictures to their readers of the actual state of society. The accounts are lamentable indeed. Assassination appears to be the panacea for all the evils—and they are many and terrible—under which both the rich and poor of the island labor. Society seems to be disorganized. Conspirators rule the more ignorant, while the intelligent, in some parts of the country, dare not walk from their homes to their churches without a body-guard of the police. Never was unhappy Ireland in such a sad condition; and there is little, very little hope for a future of justice, of fair-dealing to its landless children. From ten to twenty-five dollars an acre are yearly paid to landlords, for permission to work, and live in miserable shelters—houses they are called—into which an American farmer would hesitate to put one of his kine. The engraving illustrates a number of men resting from work. They are on a small potato-patch, which they are cultivating in common, and for which they pay the owner, an English nobleman, a rent that would buy a good-sized farm in almost any of the fertile districts in the "Great West" of our continent.

Howling Dervishes at the Tomb of a Sheikh.

In our last we gave an illustration of the Feast of Kourban-Belram, at Jafa, which immediately follows the close of the Fast of Ramadan, and which, among Mohammedans, answers to the Easter of the Christian, or the Passover of the Jew. At Cairo, the feast is variously observed by the populace. While some indulge in feasting and merriment, others resort to the cemetery, and cause all or parts of the Koran, according to their means, to be repeated over the graves of the dead. The engraving in this number represents such a scene near Cairo. When the sickle has closed the reading of passages from the Koran at the tomb of a sheikh, or marabout, which is always distinguished by its elegant form and ornamentation, a company of dervishes gather around, and commence howling and repeating the prayers of the Ulemah, interspersed with barbarous chants.

The Duke of Edinburgh in India.

We have, on two or three occasions, published engravings of the progress of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen of England's second son, in India. Among recent incidents was his trip by the Great Indian Peninsula Railway to the Bhore Ghat. The illustration shows the scene at his departure from the Farrell station, near the city of Bombay, on the 16th of March. The prince is standing near the carriage, with the Governor on his left hand, and Mr. Conder, the general manager of the railway, on his right. To the left of the group are the carriages and escort from Government House, and in the background are the workshops of the Bombay and Baroda line, with Kumballa Hill in the distance. His Royal Highness and the Governor (says the *Illustrated London News*), on arriving in the hills, were entertained by Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy at his bungalow, or villa, near Khundalla. The prince, on his return to Bombay, traveled down the Bhore Ghat, a distance of seventeen miles, upon an open truck, or trolley, driven by Mr. Manning, chief engineer of the railway, so as to get an uninter-rupted view of the stupendous scenery of this line.

AN INTERESTING ENTERTAINMENT.—An appreciative and fashionable audience thronged the salons of Madame Mars, 223 Madison Avenue, on Friday evening last, on the occasion of a dramatic entertainment, given in French by the pupils of her institution, for the benefit of the "Sheltering Arms."

The entertainment commenced with "L'orphelinat, ou chacun selon ses œuvres," in which all of the young ladies acquitted themselves with infinite credit alike to themselves and their instructress. The principal rôles devolved upon the Misses Reber and Blood, and the singing of the one, and the declamation of the other would have done no discredit to a Patti and a Rachel. An intermission of a half hour afforded the assemblage an opportunity of admiring the tasteful decorations of the miniature stage, and of devoting themselves to the refreshments. The closing performance was "Le légion de Géographie," a pretty little conceit, in which a group of children rebel at the difficulty and tedium of a geography lesson, whereupon a good fairy appears in their midst, and promises to simplify their task. To this end she summons a representative from each of the principal countries of the world, who appears in national costume and relates the marvels of her own land. The dresses were as rich and beautiful as they were appropriate, and one and all of the young ladies' pronunciation and rendition of their parts was unexceptionable. The "land of romance and of song" was charmingly represented by Miss Reber, who trifled forth a Bolero which contributed largely to the success of the evening. But, perhaps, among the most agreeable features of the play was the appearance of Miss Blood, who, in the quaint and picturesque garb of the *Paderland*, declaimed with the most perfect grace, archness, and spirit, a German patriotic poem. This simple little school-girl roused the whole audience to enthusiasm, and thrilled by her soul-inspiring accents even those to whom she spoke in an unknown tongue. We congratulate alike preceptors and pupils: Madame Mars, in having such admirable material out of which to fashion accomplished and brilliant women; and the young ladies themselves, in being under the charge of a lady so admirably qualified to develop all that is highest, best, and most cultured in the soul.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FAREPA-ROSA will import a new opera-troupe for next year's campaign.

SEVEN new burlesques are being prepared for representation in London.

A VAST concert-hall, to be devoted to the performance of choral works on a large scale, is talked of in Paris.

Mrs. W. C. GLADSTONE made her debut on the "Pacific Slope" on April 15th, at the California Theatre, San Francisco, in "Queen Elizabeth."

"BLEEDING Cuba" is the title of a military pantomime recently produced at the Varieties Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa. A female Zouave drill is introduced.

THE Variety Hall shows of Memphis, Tenn., were getting brushed up the past week to meet the crowds expected in consequence of the races commencing.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN has recently closed a successful engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, appearing as "Hamlet" in which he was warmly received, and as "Richieu."

THE London Musical Standard says that "Mrs. C. A. Barry, one of the very best American singers, is about coming to Europe for the purpose of finishing her vocal studies."

LOWELL and SIMMONDS inaugurated the new Barton Opera House at Syracuse, N. Y., on Monday, May 9th, with Maggie Mitchell as the star, and a complete first-class dramatic company.

DAVID WAMBOLD, the favorite ballad singer, who has been to the hot springs of Arkansas the past two months, has sufficiently recovered his health to warrant his return and re-appearance on the stage.

MR. and MRS. HOWARD PAUL, having concluded a most successful engagement in Boston, are about to visit Troy, Buffalo and Montreal, for the purpose of giving their famous songs and impersonations.

M. HERVE'S "Petite Faust," produced at the London Lyceum gave more satisfaction than "Chilperic." The music was better, the piece more amusing, and the acting and singing generally superior.

M. ARBAN has been appointed musical director of Cremorne Gardens, London, England, for the ensuing season. Extensive alterations and improvements, with a series of novelties, are in contemplation in every department.

THE first production in Washington, D. C., of John Brougham's new play, the "Red Light; or, the Signal of Danger," occurred at the National Theatre on April 26th, Mr. Brougham impersonating the character of Ned McDermot.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON commences his engagement at Booth's Theatre early in September, and it is for an indefinite period. The next revival by Mr. Booth will be "Richieu," the "Winter's Tale" having, at least for a while, been laid aside.

KELLY and LEON'S MINSTRELS have revived their successful burlesque of last season, called "La Belle L. N." They give a pleasing entertainment; their programme is replete with novelties, and they do not follow in the beaten track of the generality of Minstrel companies.

A NEW burlesque troupe of blondes has been formed in New York, to play under the management of Thomas Maguire, in California and throughout the United States for one year. The troupe is made up of Harry Beckett, Eliza Weatherly, Rose Massey, Ada Harland, Maurice De Solla, and several others of equal prominence in the burlesque business.

On the occasion of Miss Le Clercq's benefit at the Boston Theatre on April 23d, she was presented with a handsome gold necklace and locket, with the following inscription: "Presented to Carlotta Le Clercq, by J. B. B., D. T., and B. W. T." These latter initials stand for J. B. Booth, Orlando Tompkins, and B. W. Thayer, the managers of the theatre.

MR. LEAKE and Mr. James Dickson have leased the Academy of Music and Metropolitan Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., for a term of five years from May 1st. They will open the Metropolitan on May 16th as a first-class Variety Theatre, and intend making it a permanent institution. H. J. Sargent, late manager of the Lyceum Theatre, Boston, has been engaged as manager.

One of those peculiar hash-ups of "The Great City," "The Streets of London," "After Dark," "Time and Tide," and other pieces with which the playing public is now pretty familiar, has been produced at the Surrey, and is called "Clam; a London Romance," in three books and ten chapters—a daring and attractive novelty. The title is novel, but the critics failed to find any attractive novelty in the piece itself.

At the Chicago Opera House, the Shakespearean play of "Henry IV." was given on April 25th. No play has been produced there in a long time with a cast of such uniform excellence. Even the minor parts were filled with excellent actors. The costume was prepared with reference to historic accuracy, and the scenic effects were admirable. Mr. Hackett as Falstaff kept the house in the best of humor by his whimsicalities.

WOOD'S MUSEUM has become one of the most popular places of amusement in the city. Combining all the attractions of Barnum's old museum, it adds thereto a very superior style of dramatic entertainments, for in addition to the old favorites, such as Mestayer, Leffingwell, etc., it now boasts the fresher names of Ada Harland, Lizzie Wilmore, Jenny Wilmore, Emily Pitt, Felix Rogers, Olivia and Rosa Rand, Theresa Wood, Mrs. Stanley, T. W. Keene, James Barnes, and others equally excellent.

An amateur performance was given at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., on April 25th, for the benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home. One of the largest and most fashionable audiences ever present within the walls of the theatre witnessed the entertainment. The President and his family occupied a box. Nearly every Cabinet officer, the Vice-President and the General of the Army, were among those present. Several members of the foreign legation were also in the audience.

THE Farepa-Rosa Opera Troupe commenced a season of six nights and a matinee at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on Monday, April 25th. They opened to a splendid house in "Il Trovatore," with Madame Parepa and Messrs. Campbell and Castle in the cast. The beautiful music of the opera was received with much enthusiasm. Another fine audience greeted the "Marriage of Figaro" on Tuesday, and the splendid little singer, Rose Hersee, who made her first appearance, fairly divided the honors with Parepa.

THE London theatrical news may be thus condensed: Mr. Hollingshead, the manager of the Gaiety Theatre, has produced Offenbach's new opera, "La Princesse de Trebizonde," with Toole in the principal part. It is a great success. At the Globe Theatre, a new burlesque on Robert Macaire, by Byron, with John Clarke and Minnie Sydney as the main attractions, has been brought out with *éclat*. Montague has opened his new theatre, "The Vaudeville," with an original comedy by Halliday, and a burlesque by a new hand; and of the Lyceum, Mr. Farnie has done the "Petit Faust" into very good English, and is a great hit.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 147.



FRANCE.—REVIEW OF THE CENT-GARDES, IN THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY, PARIS, BY THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.



SPAIN.—THE VILLAGERS OF GARCIA, DURING THE INSURRECTION IN CATALONIA, PULLING DOWN AND DESTROYING TELEGRAPH POLES AND WIRES.



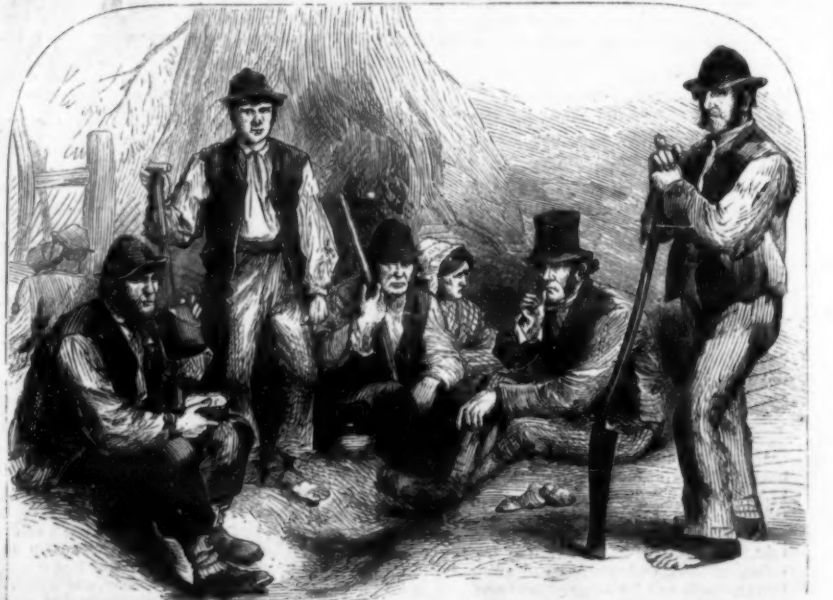
ENGLAND.—REVIEW OF THE VOLUNTEER FORCE ON EASTER-MONDAY—THE VOLUNTEERS AND THEIR FAMILIES ON THE BEACH AT BRIGHTON.



ENGLAND.—REVIEW OF THE VOLUNTEER FORCE ON EASTER-MONDAY—EARLY ARRIVAL OF THE MILITARY AT BRIGHTON.



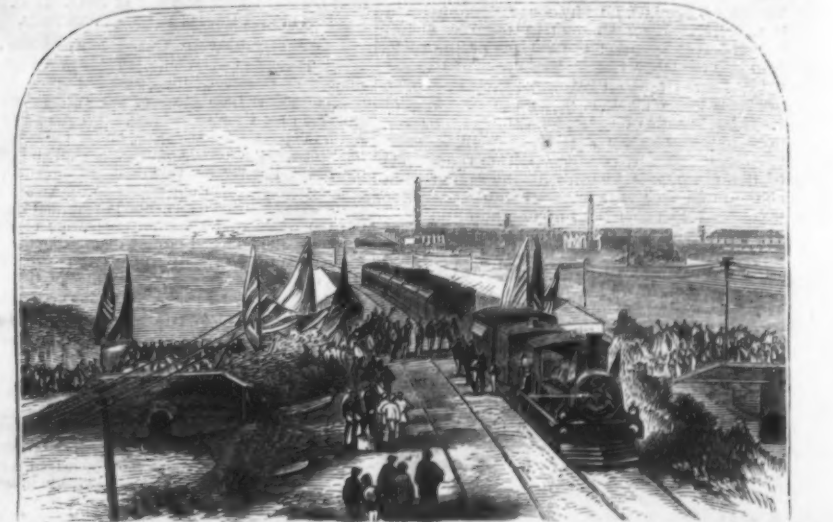
SPAIN.—THE CALPE HUNT STEEPLE-CHASE BY THE BRITISH OFFICERS AND OTHERS OF THE GARRISON AND TOWN OF GIBRALTAR.



IRELAND.—PEASANTS IN A POTATO-PATCH, AT CROSSAKEL, RESTING FROM THEIR LABORS, AND DISCUSSING POLITICS.



EGYPT.—HOWLING DERVISHES AT THE TOMB OF A SHEIKH, NEAR CAIRO—THE SONG OF DEATH.



INDIA.—DEPARTURE OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH FROM THE FARNELL STATION OF THE GREAT INDIAN PENINSULAR RAILWAY.



BEAR HUNT IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIAM L. SHEPPARD.—SEE PAGE 150.



NEW YORK CITY.—A SPRING SCENE IN WASHINGTON PARADE-GROUND—SERVING COTTON TO THE BIRDS, WHEREWITH TO BUILD THEIR NESTS.—SEE PAGE 157.

A BEAR HUNT IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

THE engraving on the preceding page illustrates an incident which happened early this spring in that portion of the Alleghany or Blue Ridge range of mountains, in which the Kanawha River takes its rise. A large bear had been doing much mischief to the smaller domestic quadrupeds of the farmers in the vicinity, and, becoming bolder in his predatory warfare, he successfully essayed the "conveyance" to his retreat, in the more inaccessible gulches in the hills, of a sow of about seventy odd pounds weight. Three gentlemen, one of whom was the artist, happening to be out on "a gunning expedition," met him laboring up a rather steep path with his prize, and which, notwithstanding the presence of the sportsmen and their dogs, he was not willing to relinquish.

The dogs boldly attacked the brute. To defend himself, he was forced to drop the animal, which he had "bugged to death." The hunters, when the dogs had begun to show signs of fatigue in their efforts to whip him—one of them being severely injured with his claws—sent a couple of bullets into his body. The balls passed through the creature's heart, curing him forever of his appetite for fat pork.

The Blue Ridge Mountains of Western Virginia are said to be infested with black bears. They afford excellent sport to those who are fond of adventure with a spice of danger in it.

MY LETTER.

It came at last, the missive white,
After a long, long time;
It fills my soul with fond delight;
While memory's bell rings clear to-night,
And very sweet its chime.

Now that I have it in my hand,
I cannot read it yet;
But, overjoyed, I silent stand;
Does it not show to all the land
He did not me forget?

Upon his name my lips I press
Before I read a word;
Wrote he in scorn or fond caress,
His dear hand wrote it none the less—
His dear hand penned each word.

At last I wend my way alone
Down toward the old beech grove,
And read the letter. Ah! the tone
Is sweet: "Dear Bessie." I his own!
Thank God for your dear love!

Dear one, come back; time slowly flies.
How can I wait, sweetheart?
The days are long. Your letter lies
Close to the heart whose last hope dies
If we fore'er must part.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

"WELL," said Ned Arlington, "for my part I have never loved but one woman, and she is now my better-half."

"I tell you," replied a fellow stage-coacher, "you have had an easy courtship. Now, I was compelled to love two ladies."

"Two ladies?"

"Yes, sir; two ladies."

"But you did not love them both alike?"

"Now, stranger, there was just the trouble. I was thinking of this precise difficulty when I remarked you had an easy courtship."

"You puzzle me!" exclaimed Ned. "Suppose you relieve our minds by a rehearsal."

"It will afford me pleasure and you entertainment," rejoined the handsome and social fellow-traveler.

Here we leaned forward, intent on hearing how a man was compelled to love two ladies with the same degree of fervor.

"My friends," said he, "if you ever visit New Haven, Connecticut, you will hear these expressions: 'As much alike as the Grover girls,' or this: 'You can no more distinguish them than you can tell Sue from Hannah Grover.' I say, ladies and gentlemen, when a New-Havener is discussing a point of similitude, he is sure to refer to the Grover girls."

"I had not been in the Elm City six weeks before I heard these comparisons. I went to this place intending to enter a business firm. On my arrival I stopped at the Tontine. At this hotel two gentlemen were arguing a point of law: it was then I first heard this language. One speaker was proving that expressions meant but the same thing, and paralleled the two propositions with the notorious twins."

"Now there is one thing I have in common with women—that is curiosity. I own it, and will confess that I was on nettles. Never could I be appeased until I had a view of these females."

"Tell me," said I to the book-keeper, "are these Grover girls so very much alike?"

"Are they?" said he, in surprise. "Well, I will tell you. Mr. Miller, if you can distinguish them after a week's acquaintance, I will pay your bill at this house for the balance of your residence."

"How can I see them?"

"I'll tell you. Observe that bright-looking gent with the white hat. That is Mr. Potter, one of our rising lawyers. He is intimate with the sisters. Obtain an introduction to him, and he will see you through."

"Are these ladies of good standing?"

"Oh! among our first people."

"Can Mr. Potter distinguish them?"

"Never, sir, never; and he looks with the eye of a detective."

"How long has he known them?"

"Three or four years, to my certain knowledge. It may be longer."

"This determined me. I soon established myself with the lawyer by retaining him in an important case. I found him more than willing to afford the introduction, as he was anxious to

see the fix their identity never failed to create in a stranger. I will not forget that first interview. Two exquisitely beautiful ladies of twenty entered the room. I beheld duplicates. One was the precise copy of the other. They dressed alike, to a ribbon and a ring. Their voices and countenances gave no clue. Then their motions left you none the wiser.

"Said Potter: 'Now take a good look, for I wish you to see if you can identify them.'"

"Mr. Potter," said I, "you will embarrass the ladies."

"Not at all," said one. "We are used to this," said the other. "It is the great amusement afforded by our resemblance." Here both spoke; but, on honor, it all sounded like one voice.

"Ladies," said I, "pardon me; I know you are not horses, but allow me to look at your teeth?"

"I desired this, deeming there would be found some little speck, indentation or irregularity that would ever serve as an index. They exhibited their pearly rows; but after minute investigation I was no better informed. I examined the finger-nails, then their hands; still I had no point of distinction, and I gave it up that Sue and Hannah might forever exchange places without detection on any part."

"The ridiculous blunders of admirers were frequent. Mantuamakers, shoemakers and trades-people in general, were continually presenting Sue an account created by Hannah, or telling Hannah some lingo intended only for the ears of Sue."

"The beauty of the ladies impressed me. They were of my style. An acquaintance of two months demonstrated their superiority in all respects. In brief, I found myself in love—but with which one?"

"When tender ideas arose, I found it just as natural to one as to the other. Yes, I solemnly aver I was in love—I had the connubial article."

"I frequently took them out, yet never knew whom I had. If my lady would quote Sue, I thought it clear I had Hannah, or if Hannah was mentioned, I believed I was beaming Sue. Indeed, it was a mere matter of faith. There was no evidence, for often one palmed herself on me as the other. This was a chronic dodge played on their various admirers to suit convenience and insure rest. As far as these gallants were concerned, it was immaterial. Although one might be called for by name, the other would do just as well, no one being able to detect the difference."

"I often implored them to to contra-distinguish themselves by some article of apparel or jewelry. But it was fruitless. 'That would spoil our fun,' they would exclaim, as though I meditated some terrible infliction."

"As I have told you, I was in love. I felt that my happiness depended on the possession of one of these twins. But for whom should I ask the parents? Honestly, it was no matter which one I had, as affection made no choice."

"On a lovely eve in September, one sister was from home. Now, thought I, here is a surety that I can talk a whole evening to one of this dual phenomenon. As she entered the parlor, said I:

"How do you do, Miss Hannah?"

"You are wrong, sir; it is Miss Sue."

"Are you humbugging?"

"Truly not; I tell you sincerely. You now address Sue Grover."

"I saw she looked unusually tender, and taking advantage of her faltering voice and tremulous manner, I declared my love, and she returned it with all the ardor of her true and impassionate nature. I summoned the old folks; told our devotion; gave prospects, and made all essential revelations. The senior Grovers gave us their blessings, and assured us that they would see our course of true love 'should run smooth.'"

"But what if that other girl were to come in? What a pretty mix! How would I ever know my girl? Though, again, I assure you it would have made no difference. I would have proposed to Hannah just the same. My only trouble was in the multitude of embarrassments incident to non-distinguishment. On this ground I had a genuine trouble."

"Before Hannah returned, I invited Sue to take a walk on the green. When opposite the centre of the church, I spoke of the betrothal ring, and requested her to please let me see the ring she wore. She took it off, and I carelessly played with it, to throw her off her guard—then, calling her attention to a party of students, took my Congress knife and drew the file blade through the inner part. It left a nice mark, and by this I hoped to identify her in future. On our return to the house, I secretly posted her parents. They said that I did properly—that it was time Sue should be recognized by her affianced!"

"You think you are smart," said she, ere I left her."

"Why?" replied I.

"Oh!" responded she, "that ring game has been tried by a half-dozen admirers. I suspected what you were at, but thought I would see how many heads would conceive the same plan."

"The next day neither she nor her sister wore a ring. One week after, they resumed them, but in neither was there a mark. It was evident that I was to be out-generaled, and would have to depend on the discretion of my intended and the goodness of their parents."

"At parties I had several trials. I never knew whom I took home; and even, when home, would talk a flood of love to the wrong girl, and receive a laugh for my enthusiasm."

"Hang it!" said I; "the cream of the joke is—I can't be revenged, for I might hurt the wrong lady."

"The betrothal ring was given. Now, thought I, there is a termination to my discomfort. Well, it did terminate in just twenty-four hours. Hannah took Sue's ring, went to a jewelry store and ordered one precisely like it, and bearing the same inscription. Moreover, she

charged him to see that the engraving was counterfeited beyond recognition. It was done. So was I. Now what could I do? Had Sue been willing, I could have schemed forty devices. But she relished the dish, and would never co-operate. Wedding day came. I must take a young lady on the word of herself or parents."

"Well," said I, mentally, "so I get one of the girls, my object will be accomplished." The ceremony was performed before an immense throng in the largest church in the city. The bridal dress fortunately enabled me to adhere to one. Congratulations being over, my beautiful bride and I journeyed to Niagara, and inspected several Canadian cities and towns."

"Ah!" said I, lovingly, to my wife, "Sue darling, I will know you now."

"How?" said she.

"By the diamond ring," replied I.

"Don't be too sure, Clarence."

"Ah!" laughed I.

"Hannah will not annoy me any further."

"But, alas! for our earthly hopes. My beloved told her sister the name of the New York importer, and, on our return, a small hand was proffered, on which was a fac-simile of the bridal gift. Sue now went to her room, and attiring herself in one of the twin garbs, I was again unable to recognize my own wife."

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, business suddenly called me to New Orleans. While there my treasure died. I was grieved, yet from the fact that Hannah lived, my agony was but temporary. I returned two weeks after the funeral. My sister-in-law wore neither betrothal nor diamond ring. There was nothing to be gained by it, and they were laid aside. My friends, I am extremely sensitive, a mere child; yet believe me, when I tell you that the presence of Hannah was a perfect and speedy restorative. I could not weep. Was she not the same as Sue in all respects? True, when I saw the family said, I was troubled; but only on account of their grief. I had none of my own. All that I loved was in exact duplicate, and that moved before as of yore. Yes, I confess that no husband ever suffered less."

"In eighteen months I stood in the same church, and it seemed before the same concourse. As Hannah was given to me in the holy state of matrimony, it appeared that I was enacting a farce and remarrying my own wife!"

A CONSISTENT CAREER.

THE career of our present Secretary of the Treasury presents one of the best examples of logical sequence to be found in the history of statesmen. Commencing, early in life, with the warmest interest in individual education, if not introducing, yet certainly fostering and finishing, the present complete school-system of his native State; advancing from that work to the Governorship of the State; constantly increasing the scope of executive powers, until, as Commissioner, bringing to perfection the scheme and practice of our Internal Revenue; and finally, finding a field of work befitting great and trained abilities, as the administrator of the finances of a nation, in all their vast and intricate and novel complications—through all this, one thing may constantly be seen springing from another.

To move, as lightly as an Atlas might poise a world, all the resources of forty millions of people, and of a continental territory stretching from ocean to ocean, is indeed a work of magnitude; but, immense as it is, the germ of the power that yields it is all to be found in a little book published by Mr. Boutwell, some dozen years ago, intitled "Educational Topics and Institutions," and dealing with the subject of learning in general, and its relations to civilization, agriculture, liberty, and crime, in particular.

That this book should be singularly illustrative of the author's peculiar and personal qualities of integrity, nobility, and faithfulness to minute detail, as well as capacity for broad generalization, is not surprising; but it is, moreover, just as illustrative of the author's whole career; and the key-note, both of the volume and of that career, is struck in one of the earlier sentences: "When we contemplate the achievements of mind, by which manual labor has been diminished and every physical force both magnified and economized, how unstatesmanlike is the view which regards a human being as a bundle of muscles and bones merely, with no destiny but ignorance, servitude, and poverty?" And meantime we have nothing to display the development and growth of the author's powers more forcibly than a brief preceding sentence, which, speaking of a calculation of the amount saved to the country by the cotton-gin, goes on to say, "The saving upon the same basis cannot now be less than one thousand millions of dollars—a sum too great for the human imagination to conceive." A dozen years have passed, and that inconceivable amount of value has become a fact in his daily experience, and on its foundation he receives and distributes the revenue of an empire.

Now that its author is on the full swing and flood-tide of success, it is especially interesting to examine this first volume of essays, of which we are speaking; for on all its pages there is a singular blending of a benevolent love of his kind, and of an advanced political economy; one, the promptings of nature, indeed; but the other, the work of profound thought aided only by experience, and arriving at such indisputably beneficent results—the last products of philosophy applied to civilization—that every essay in the book is a triumphant refutation of the old dogmas of despotism, and an assertion of personal and private right to the best light that Heaven sheds, which is the purest and most exalted democracy.

The style of the writer of these essays and addresses never once assumes, in them, the ambitious or the stilted phrase. Desirous of defusing his thoughts where they shall spring up and bear fruit, he utters them in such wise

that they can be comprehended by all who meet with them, and with a remarkably choice and even diction. Having a purpose in the work, his pen never forgets it in any display of rhetorical graces or flourishes, but follows the plain path, where all who run may read; and, while here and there a witty story is aptly told, there is not a page where sentences are not to be found which, if they are not those

—Jewels five words long
That on the stretched forehead of time
Sparkle forever."

that the poet mentions, are yet the crystal-like precipitation of thought, bearing the weight of wisdom and the point of epigrams:

"When a man or woman puts on the garb of the teacher, and throws off the garb of the student, you will soon find that person so dwindled and dwarfed that neither will hang upon the shoulders."

"We have always been permitted to infer the intellectual and moral character of the audiences of Demosthenes from the orations of Demosthenes."

"The cities which contested for the honor of being the birthplace of Homer are forgotten, or remembered only because they contested for the honor, while Homer himself is immortal."

"For every good, the ancients imagined and named a divinity; and there is, in every good, something divine."

"In the insane-hospital the patient is to be treated as though he were sane; and in the jail the prisoner is to be treated, nearly as may be, as though he were virtuous."

"If, then, the result of punishment be vengeance, and not reformation, the last state of society is worse than its first."

"Good principles, good purposes, good ideas, are made fruitful by a strong resolution; while, without it, they are like bubbles of water—brilliant in the sunlight, but destined to collapse by the changing, silent force of the medium in which they float."

One might, indeed, as well attempt to give an idea of the architecture of a cathedral, by producing a chip off the granite of which it is built, as to render visible the beauties of a literary style, by selection of a hundred extracts, taken at random, as the book opens; and perhaps a better idea of the majestic simplicity with which the author of whom we treat handles his subject may be had from the following examples:

"Humboldt, Maury, and Guyot, Arago, Agassiz, and Pierce, by observation, philosophy, and mathematics, demonstrate the harmony of the physical creation. In the microscopic animalcule; in the gigantic remains, whether vegetable or animal, of other ages and conditions of life; in the coral reef and the mountain range; in the hillside rivulet that makes the meadows green; in the ocean current that bathes and vivifies a continent; in the setting of the leaf upon its stem, and the moving of Uranus in its orbit—they trace a law whose harmony is its glory, and whose mystery is the evidence of its divinity."

"The natural world is harmonious in all its parts; but the moral world is the theatre of disturbing and conflicting forces whose laws the finite mind cannot comprehend. The majesty and uniformity of the planetary revolutions—which bring day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest—know no change. Worlds and systems of worlds are guided by a law of the Infinite Mind; and so, through unnumbered years and myriads of years, birth and death, creation and decay—decrees whose fixedness enables finite minds to predict the future, and rules whose elasticity is seen in a never-ending variety of nature—all alike prove that the sin of disobedience is upon man alone."

It is not, however, the merits of style, or the ease and accuracy of thought, which strike us upon perusal of this volume. It is the absolute and unequivocal desire evinced therein to serve the human race; the endeavor to lift it, by lifting the members that it comprises; and the sagacity which would begin the work at the very root of things—with the schools of instruction and reformation for children; the sympathy with the unfortunate—nowhere more apparent than in the collection and narration of many most pathetic facts relating to juvenile criminals. And it is thus, without effort, that we trace the unfolding of the author's course—from its entrance into the educational affairs of a generation of children, through its work in the uplifting and enlightenment of a generation of men—to its present proud pause in discharge of the most important duties with which the Republic can intrust him; and we are not astonished to discover, that, in the noble address concerning "Liberty and Learning," contained in this little volume, and delivered in the year 1857, Mr. Boutwell must have been the first one, among the whole number of our reformers, to enter the claim, for all men, of natural equality before the law, and thenceforth to make it the object of his life to demand it and to obtain it. Later, in the noble orations upon Equal Suffrage, and upon Suffrage in the District of Columbia—contained in another volume than the one under consideration—this claim is taken up again by its author, dilated upon, and its justice proved in an array of arguments as indisputable as axioms:

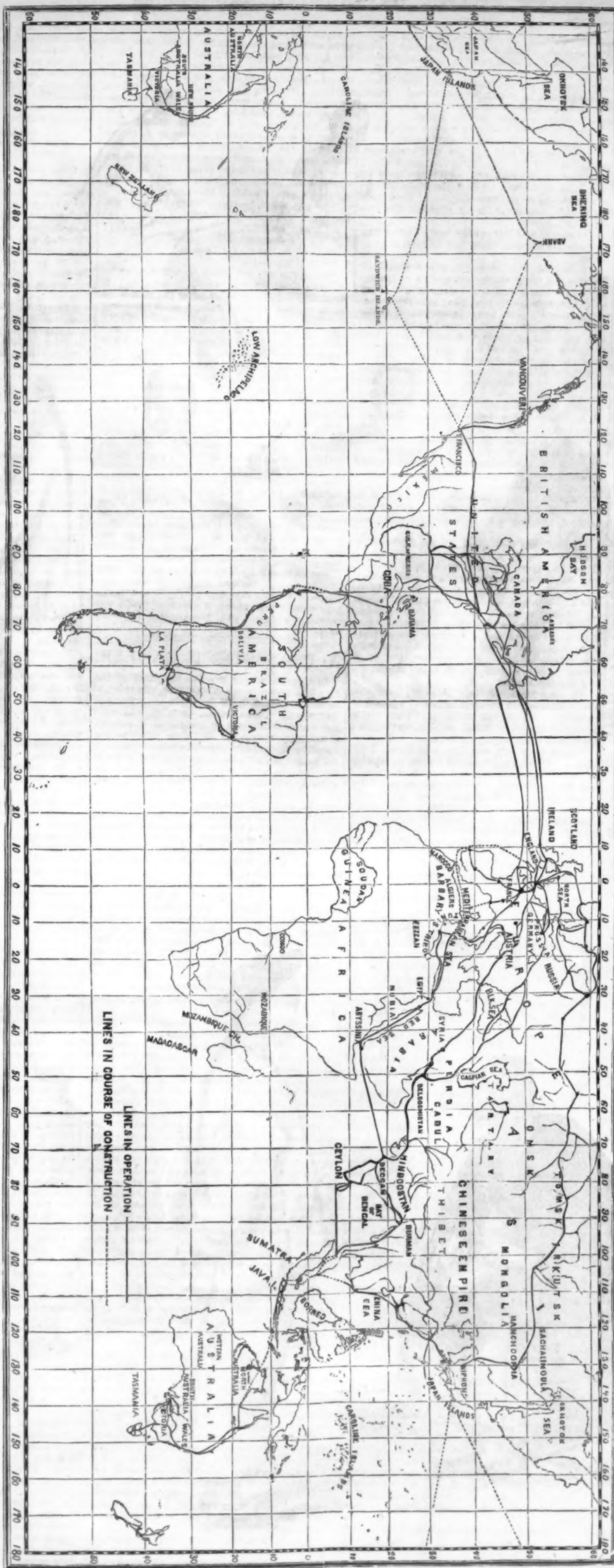
"It is said that the right of suffrage is not a natural right. Possibly you will think, on consideration, it is of very little importance whether it is a natural right or not. If it is not a natural right, then I take it that it is not in any sense more the right of a white man than of a black man. And if it is a natural right, then it is equally the right of the black man as of the white man. To the argument it is entirely immaterial whether it is a natural right or not. If we consider merely those natural rights which are personal, they are hardly more than the right to breathe, the right to exist, the right of locomotion; but there are other rights which may not be natural—personal rights, which are not less important than those which are called natural rights. The

right of suffrage may not be a natural right in the sense of a personal right, but I think it is a natural social right the moment that society exists; and the existence of society is in obedience to natural law, from which no portion of the human race, not even barbarous nations, not even wandering tribes, not even nomads of the desert, have ever been able to escape." Here, having stated his theses in clear, concrete, and unanswerable terms, and having developed them as he proceeds, the speaker concludes his argument in words which we cannot forbear quoting, and whose lofty strain seems to be, as we have said, the fitting logical consummation of a career devoted first to the good of the individual, and then to the good, not only of a single race, but of all the races who mingle in our vast and magnificent nationality.

"I remember when Kossuth visited the country, and for the first time addressed the people of Massachusetts at Faneuil hall, that he told those who had assembled in the Cradle of Liberty to listen to him, that they should not say American liberty, but liberty in America. Said he, 'Liberty is Liberty, as God is God.' So I say, this is not the white man's country, it is not the black man's country, it is not the red man's country: it is a country which by Divine Providence has been preserved during centuries, with all its fertility and resources, where men might create and build homes and government founded upon Christian civilization. This is a country—for so it was willed—to which should come all people whom God has chosen to place upon the earth. That man is, in some form or other, an enemy to the human race, who claims this as the white man's country or the black man's country. It is the country of man, set apart and dedicated by the Supreme Ruler.

To call us, who are now expecting, and are about to enter on the enjoyment of a restored Union, for the first time to announce, that this is the white man's country, is the basest ingratitude. If such was our opinion, we should, two years and more ago, before we invited men of another color to participate with us, to jeopard and sacrifice their lives in defence of the country—we should then have declared, that when it was free and restored, it should be the white man's country. It does not lie in our mouths, after we have accepted the blood of these men—after they have stood in the ranks, and upon the field of battle, in the place of your fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers—now that they sleep the sleep of death, and their bones bleach upon the plains of the South—to say that this is the white man's country. They have earned, in the noblest manner and with the largest sacrifices, the right to call this their country." When such are the sentiments of American power, and such its rectitude and sense of justice, the people may well congratulate themselves, and may select Mr. Boutwell's career as an instance, in an age by no means millennial, where faithfulness over a few things has made one a ruler over many!

A CHART OF THE PROPOSED CABLE-ROUTE FOR THE MAGNETIC LINE OF THE PACIFIC SUB-MARINE COMPANY.



A TELEGRAPH AROUND THE WORLD.

We present our readers, this week, with a handsome map, showing the telegraph lines in operation and contemplated to complete the circuit of the globe.

In 1844, Morse commenced, in this country, between Baltimore and Washington, what may be termed the first section of the now extensive system of land lines. Extensions were soon made to New York, and along the Atlantic coast in both directions, then to the lakes, and finally on to the Pacific.

Lines were commenced in Europe about the same time that Morse broke ground in this country, and there the growth was equally rapid and extensive.

In September, 1851, the first cable was successfully submerged between Calais and Dover—a distance of twenty-seven miles. This cable had four conducting wires, and is still in good condition. Three years later, a section of over a hundred miles was laid between Italy and Corsica. No very long lengths were laid until after the first attempt to span the Atlantic in 1857, and its renewal in 1858, which proved, to those actively engaged in the effort, the possibility of communicating long distances; and this introduced, as it were, a new era. Long cables were submerged in the Mediterranean in 1861, and in the Persian Gulf in 1864; and in 1866, England and America were successfully connected.

During the past two years, telegraphic enterprises have been in particular favor with capitalists, and as a result, the whole world is about to be brought into instantaneous communication. From England, through the Mediterranean down the Red Sea, and across the Arabian Sea, to and over India, requires but a few moments by lines already constructed; and in the coming year the additional distance to China and Australia will be practically annihilated.

To complete the grand circuit of the globe would seem to be a crowning honor. That nation which shall add this final link will achieve a lasting fame.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field has now presented a bill to Congress, asking an act of incorporation for this purpose. The route of his selection is shown on our map.

To Mr. Field, vastly more than to any other man, ought this enterprise to be intrusted, and should Congress grant his request, we feel sure that ere long the circle will be completed.

NEWS BREVITIES.

The colored people of Evansville, Indiana, are supporting a night school.

Mormons are classified according to faith, as Brighamites, Gobelites, and Josephites.

During the last two hours of the Pennsylvania Legislature bills were passed two a minute.

There is a man in New Hampshire who has voted at the annual elections seventy-nine times.

Muncie, Indiana, a lively little town, is excited on the subject of building a new first-class hotel.

Over fifteen million feet of pine logs have been safely boomed at the mouth of Elk River, Minnesota.

Governor Geary has made the first appointment to office of a colored man in the history of Pennsylvania.

The pension given by Napoleon to all of his male subjects born on the Prince Imperial's birthday, entails an annual outlay of 300,000 francs.

In the Savannah, Ga., Police Court, when a man denies his fault, and is adjudged guilty, he gets \$5 more fine than if he had been honest about it.

During a severe thunder-storm in New Orleans, La., on Sunday, May 1st, several houses were struck by lightning, and one colored woman was killed.

The salt well boring at Terre Haute has reached a depth of 175 feet, 75 feet of which is through soap-stone. The boring progresses at the rate of 30 feet per day.

At Rome the General of the Jesuits is known as *Il Papa Nero*, the Black Pope, and for distinction, the successor of Peter, as *Il Papa Bianco*, the White Pope.

The receipts of cotton at Galveston now exceed the estimates of many for the whole year, being 201,578 bales. The stock on hand is now a little over 30,000 bales.

Opium-eating is increasing in America. In England the apothecaries prepare on Saturday nights hundreds of opium pills, in anticipation of a certain extensive demand.

A son of a colored member of the Boston bar, who is a graduate of the Imperial College of France, has passed a successful examination and entered the Middle Temple, London.

Professor Shaler has discovered "true glacial moraines" (lines of blocks and gravel), in various parts of Massachusetts, and says they are as perfect as any seen outside of the Alps and in Switzerland.

The Speaker's chair of the House of Delegates, Richmond, destroyed at the recent disaster, bore the British coat of arms, and was used in the House of Burgesses when Virginia was an English Colony.

MONTANA editors are urging the necessity that exists for a fort in the vicinity of Lincoln Gulch, as a defence against the Indians, who are in the habit of passing through the gulch to make raids on the cattle in the vicinity.

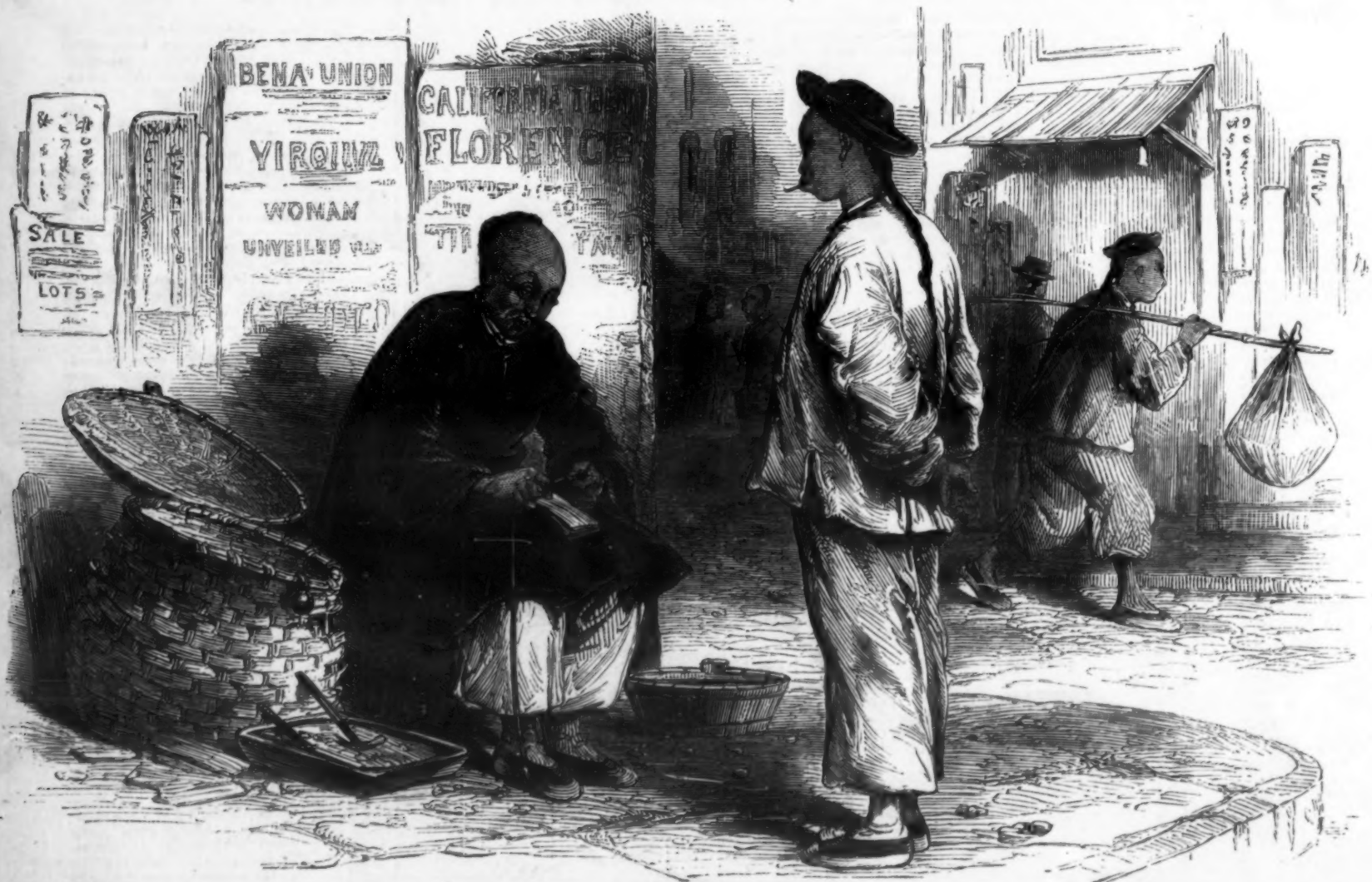
SOMEBODY states that \$90,000,000 have been sunk in journalistic enterprises in this city, and we have no doubt it is true. Yet, in the face of this statement, men can be daily encountered who are anxious to "start" newspapers.

HONOLULU papers report that refreshing rains have relieved the Sandwich Islands from fears of an impending drought. On Maui, fine rains have fallen, particularly on the Ulupalakus side of Haleakala, where for some months scarcely any rain had fallen.

The members of the Union League Club, of Philadelphia, gave a grand reception at their home, on Broad street, on Wednesday, 11th inst. Distinguished gentlemen from all parts of the country were present. The reception was held from eight P. M. to one A. M. The parlors, banqueting-rooms, etc., were handsomely decorated with flowers and bunting.



THE COMING MAN.—A CHINESE CIGAR MANUFACTORY IN SAN FRANCISCO—PREPARING THE TOBACCO-LEAF AND MAKING CIGARS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE COMING MAN.—A STREET SCENE IN THE CHINESE QUARTER, SAN FRANCISCO—A COBBLER REPAIRING THE SHOES OF ONE OF HIS COUNTRYMEN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE COMING MAN.—THE KITCHEN OF A CHINESE RESTAURANT, IN THE CHINESE QUARTER, SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE COMING MAN.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

THE Chinese understand the principles and practices of business quite as well as the men of other nations. They are shrewd and close calculating in their dealings, and it is no easy matter to overreach them. The Chinese merchants in San Francisco have a high reputation for honor and honesty in their dealings; some of them are very slippery in making bargains, and it takes a long time to bring them to terms; but when they have once made an agreement, they are pretty certain to adhere to it without wavering, even though a change in the markets would enable them to make money by breaking it. During the "Opium War" in China, the foreign merchants at Canton were obliged to flee from the city, leaving a great deal of property in the hands of their native agents. Not one of these Chinese factors thought of repudiation, though there was an excellent opportunity for making a nice profit by it. But as soon as they could get through the blockade, they made their way to Hong Kong, and settled all their indebtedness. Possibly they may have learned since then the habits of outside barbarians, and engrafted a little foreign policy upon their native one.

Though there are many Chinese shops in San Francisco, John does a great deal of his trading in American stores. He is always on the lookout for bargains, and generally indulges in a great deal of chaffering before he concludes a trade. The American merchants have learned this peculiarity of their Mongolian customers, and most of them have a high asking-price for their goods, so that they can come down liberally, and still make a good profit. It is proper to say that John does not attempt to beat down the traders of his own race any less than he does the foreigners.

The Chinese merchants have a mode of book-keeping and casting up accounts, peculiar to themselves, and quite incomprehensible to an outsider. Their account-books are not heavily bound, like ours, but are thin, and not very firmly stitched; the leaves are of light paper, which would be quite unfit to receive writing from American pens and ink. Instead of pens, the accountants use small brushes, which they handle with great dexterity. All Chinese writing is done with these little brushes, and a page can be covered with Chinese characters in a very short time. The writing is done vertically, instead of horizontally, and the reading of the lines is from right to left. What would be to us the end of a book is the beginning to a Chinese, and when he is learning English it

is no easy matter for him to get over this business of reversal.

In counting, the Chinese use the Tartar *abacus*, which was invented more than three thousand years ago, and is in use, not only throughout China, but from one end to the other of the Russian empire. It consists of a box containing a series of buttons strung on parallel wires placed horizontally. It requires a great deal of practice to be expert in using it; but when one becomes skillful in its manipulation, he can add columns of figures very rapidly, and with little liability to mistakes. Russian accountants use it, and so do many Americans and others living in Russia. An enterprising Yankee has patented an "adding machine," which is based on the principle of

the very ancient and honorable *abacus*. "If you would have a good appetite, keep out of the kitchen," is a piece of advice that is applicable in all countries. China offers no exception to the rule; but all the kitchens in China are by no means unclean. The poorer Chinese are ready to swallow almost everything that can be safely digested, and are not over-particular about the cooking-process; but the wealthier classes are just as fastidious as the moneyed men of other countries. The kitchen of a Chinese epicure is an interesting place to visit; and, as it is subject to frequent calls from the owner, it is likely to be in good condition. I once passed through the culinary establishment of a Chinese governor, in the northern part of the Flowery Empire, and saw

nothing calculated to disturb the stomach, though it is proper to say that I did not stay long, and very little was being done at the time. The chief cook was engaged in ornamenting some apple-shaped meat-pies with melted candy, which he touched on in little dots, according to a prescribed pattern. There is a general belief that dogs are a favorite dish on Chinese tables. I can freely say that I never saw anything that I knew or suspected to be dog in a Chinese kitchen or dining-room, though I used to be a little cautious about hashes and other composite dishes. The poorer classes occasionally eat dogs, but these animals are not favorites, for edible purposes, with the rich.

The kitchen of a Chinese restaurant in San Francisco is like, and yet unlike, that of an American one. There are fewer dishes and other culinary utensils, and there are boxes, barrels, baskets, shelves and sieves in about the same proportion. The Chinese are fond of pastry in various forms, and their cooks are skillful in manipulating dough into a great many forms unknown to Americans. Their rollers for spreading the dough are longer than ours, and there are several sizes kept where the cook can reach them. Meats are roasted and



THE COMING MAN.—BALANCING ACCOUNTS IN THE OFFICE OF A CHINESE MERCANTILE HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

stewed and cut in small pieces before they are served, so that the one who eats has very little occasion to use a knife. In a private dwelling, it is the custom to carry the roasted article whole before the master of the house. He gives a sign of approval, and the dish then goes back to the kitchen, where the pig, duck, or whatever else is offered, is cut up. But in the restaurants this etiquette is not observed unless specially desired. Some of the Chinese restaurants in San Francisco do their cooking in the American style, and carry on quite a business with others than their countrymen.

There is a story, not authentic, that in the early days of San Francisco, a Chinese restaurant announced "rat pies" on its bill of fare. The delicacy was not popular with the Americans, and, after a week or so, it was stricken from the list. Next day, the restaurant advertised "squirrel pies," and found them in good demand.

On pleasant days, the cobblers and other small operators conduct their work out of doors, and a visitor to the Chinese quarter of San Francisco will witness many scenes like the one in the picture. The cobbler does not mind the sun, nor the eyes of strangers. The box on which he is seated, a basket, a tray, and a small tub of water, added to his tools, complete his working outfit, and he is ready for any job that is presented. His patrons are generally his own countrymen, but he does not hesitate to endeavor to mend an American boot, and he will sometimes effect a neat repair on a very dilapidated specimen.

The cigar-makers are in goodly number among the Chinese on the Pacific coast, and they are very skillful in imitating the favorite brands of American smokers. Comparatively few of the Chinese smoke cigars; they prefer their pipes, and are able to get a great deal of comfort from them. Most of the cigars made by the Chinese are as bad as those retailed by their countrymen around the City Hall Park in New York, but this is not always the case. One of my acquaintances in San Francisco thinks he knows a fine cigar when he sees it, and he will have none but the best brands. One day the general—for my friend is a general—paid a fabulous price for a box of real Havanas with a label around each cigar. He was proud of his prize, and in a day or two a Chinese merchant happened in his store.

"Here is a nice cigar," said the general, as he offered his visitor a choice specimen.

"Oh," said the Chinese, "me know him; Chinaman on Kearney street makee him."

"Oh, no," replied the general, as he touched the paper label, "that is a real Havana; see the maker's name."

The visitor was not to be put off, as he eyed the cigar again, and insisted, "Me know him; Chinaman on Kearney street makee him, and he makee paper with cigar."

The general never boasted again of his good cigars.

TIME LONG PAST.

LIKE the ghost of a dear friend dead
Is time long past.
A tone which is now forever fled,
A hope which is now forever past,
A love so sweet it could not last,
Was time long past.

There were sweet dreams in the night
Of time long past;
And, was it sadness or delight,
Each day a shadow onward cast,
Which made us wish it yet might last—
That time long past?

There is regret, almost remorse,
For time long past.
'Tis like a child's beloved corpse
A father watches, till at last
Beauty is like remembrance cast
From time long past.

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

PART II.—THE FRENCH COUNTESS.

CHAPTER VII.—THE LION AT THE DOOR OF THE TOMB—BRANDY—WHY DOES SHE NOT COME—IS IT DEATH—THE WHEELS ARE HEARD—ONCE MORE—A LAST EMBRACE—THE ARRIVAL OF "CHER PAUL"—"IVAN DIMITRY IS DEAD."

"Will she never come?"

The boy who had replaced Potatchky—he was now a full-grown serf—hastened immediately to the side of the bed, on which the gaunt and once powerful form of Ivan Dimitry was stretched. He held to the lips of the old Boyard, who was propped up on it, by a pile of pillows, a cup of wine.

"No! Brandy."

"The master."

When he uttered this, the fierce black eyes turned upon those of Alexis.

"What I always forbade"—exclaimed the Boyard, with his former clear, harsh and ringing voice—"will soon be forbidden by One who is Greater than I am. Do not forget again, Brandy!"

"It is forbidden—"

"By the physician who came from St. Petersburg to heal me. He was an ass in all but one thing. He told me that I must be gathered in to the threshing-yard of mortality. St. Ivan be good to me. Will any sound corn be found with the husk?" After a pause, he again said—"Brandy! Alexis—give me brandy!"

The serf obeyed him.

He held the silver cup to his lips and the old man drank deeply. Life seemed to be confined to his head. His body and limbs were powerless. He was unable to move.

"Turn me to the window—Alexis!" When

he uttered this, placing the goblet upon the table, the serf with some difficulty, changed the position of Dimitry. Holding him up, in his arms, he arranged the pillows to support the inert figure, while the Boyard's sharp black eyes gazed wistfully through the open window, upon the sunset. The crescent moon—it was in its first quarter—was faintly drawn in the yellow beauty of the west. "Never again shall I see thee, full and round."

It may have been a sigh which proceeded from his lips. So seldom, if ever, had such a sound come from them, that the serf doubted his ears. The old man's eyelids were closed—he breathed heavily. Alexis fancied that he again slept, and with a deft hand, noiselessly arranged the quilted coverlet around the shape of his master. He was mistaken, however.

Dimitry again unclosed his eyes.

"How long has Koulsky been gone?"

"Three days, this morning!"

"If she is not here, this night, I shall no more see her."

This time, he groaned.

"Are you suffering?" exclaimed the serf, bending over him.

"Stand back, from between me and the light!"

Alexis drew back. The old man groaned no more. Well nigh an hour had passed, when without any assistance, he sat up, straight in his bed. The attendant hastened to support him, but with an imperative movement, Dimitry waved him back. He was listening. For many days, he had been absolutely without the capacity to stir. His muscular power had partially returned to him. What could this be?

"Is it death?" thought the serf.

"Not yet!"

The Boyard had replied to the unspoken inquiry.

All was again silent, save the occasional chirp of the cricket, or the moaning cry of the bull-frog which broke the stillness without.

He was listening, eagerly.

This had endured some minutes, when the sound of wheels became vaguely audible in the distance.

It was with an inquiring glance, that the bead-like, black eyes of Dimitry turned to the serf.

"I hear it"—replied Alexis, to that mutely shapen question.

Sinking back upon his pillows, the Boyard spoke for the first time, feebly.

"More brandy!"

This time, the serf brought it to him, without a word of remonstrance. He, evidently, believed that death was at hand.

The momentary muscular power exhibited by the dying man had passed from his frame. Only by the assistance of Alexis, was he enabled to drink the spirit. It revived him.

By this time the wheels and rattling hoofs were heard on the flat space in front of the mansion.

"She is here"—murmured the Boyard.

At the same time, the carriage stopped. Domestic might be heard running toward it. The door of the droschky opened, and the voice of Catharine, low as it was, rose to his ears.

"Is Ivan yet alive?"

"Yes! mistress."

"May God and St. Ivan be thanked."

Dimitry heard her foot upon the stairs. It sounded like a male tread rather than that of a woman, so firm and rapid were its movements.

Then, the door opened. She was there—still dressed as she had issued from the scene of the carousal at the Austrian Ambassador's—the rouge unwashed from her cheeks—her powdered hair hanging in disorder around her neck, and the jewels she had worn, still sparkling on her neck and bosom.

"Ivan!"

Scarcely had the cry passed her lips and the old man seen her dark eyes—now far more like his own—as they flashed upon him with a terrible and yearning love, than his strength seemed, a second time, that day, to revisit his frame. He again erected his form and extended his arms, wide as the passion of his affection for her, was. With a clear and sonorous voice, which she could scarcely have believed was that of one so soon to be lost to her, he shaped her name.

"Catharine!"

In another moment, their arms were wound around each other. His lips, covered with the long white hair of well-nigh a century, were pressed to hers, but, some sixty hours since, curved and rosy with the ripeness and beauty of womanhood. His bristling and snowy hair fell densely around her face, mingling with her own dishevelled and powdered tresses.

They remained thus, for several minutes, so lost to all but the presence of each other that they noticed nothing else.

Then, the Boyard raised his head.

He saw the grave and motionless figure of Sapichy Dolgorouki. It was standing without the opened door.

"Farewell! my son-in-law"—he said, in a calm voice. "You must not grudge me the possession of your wife for some thirty minutes or more, if I should last so long." After this, he turned to the serf. "Leave us—Alexis! You have been a faithful servant. You, now—

or, in a short time, will belong to Catharine. Go, and close the door."

The domestic followed the count, whose foot was already descending the stair-case.

When Sapichy issued from the door of the mansion, and stood there—looking upon the landscape which was visible from it—he was thinking—seriously. It must be remembered that he was, as yet, ignorant of Paul's presence once more in his own country. His brow was knit, and his hands were clasped behind him.

Perhaps, he may have—but, no! An acute and sufficiently unscrupulous man of the world, he doubtless, was. But, as undoubtedly, he was a brave soldier. Nor, must it be supposed, that he entertained any idea of playing a crooked

game, to prevent the son of the old Boyard from inheriting his father's wealth in land or humanity.

He was suddenly aroused from his reverie by the apparently wearied tramp of a horse. The sound of that hoof was a familiar one.

Looking up, he saw that it was that of old Dimitry's own animal.

"It must be Koulsky"—he said. "The fool did not rest, as I bade him."

When the rider drew a trifle nearer, Sapichy's quick eyes saw that he had been mistaken. Although clad in somewhat more respectable garments than when Potatchky had caught a fugitive glimpse of him, he recognized the unexpected arrival. It was with a sombre frown he did so.

His face had, however, cleared, as his brother-in-law dismounted. It was, even, with a mocking smile that he saluted him.

"Cher Paul! you were the last man in my thoughts."

"Was I—Count Dolgorouki?"

Young Dimitry then attempted to enter the house, which would so soon belong to him. But, Sapichy had planted himself in the open doorway.

"Where would you go?"

"To my father."

"You cannot—mon cher Paul!"

"Why?"

"It would seem to me, that knowing both him and yourself, you had better pause."

"Is that your only reason?"

"No!"

"What other have you?"

"Another friend of yours happens to be with him, to whom your presence might not, at this precise moment, prove acceptable."

"Your wife?"

"And your sister—cher Paul!"

It would be impossible to describe the malignity which characterized the two words spoken by the son of the Boyard. Nor, to tell the truth, would it be easier to realize the incisive yet polished scorn which sparkled through the thin courtesy of Dolgorouki's reply.

At all events, Paul felt it.

His sallow skin became crimson with his rage, as he demanded—"What right has Catharine to be with him, more than I have?"

Sapichy smiled.

"You ask that?"

"I do."

"The right of Ivan Dimitry's own will."

"His will is a power—now. Mine—"

"May be a power, here, within some score of minutes."

The accent which colored the reply of the courtier, was so contemptuously scoffing, that Paul Dimitry could no longer control his anger. Thin as the veil had been which, until now, he had drawn athwart his feelings, both toward him and his sister, he rent it savagely away.

"Then"—he said, with a bitter oath—"my serfs shall put you and her from the door of Berenzoff, as they might a—"

"What—cher Paul?"

This question—rapidly uttered as it was, cutting short what the son of the Boyard had been about to add—was spoken in a low and tender key, which would have been untranslatable to any who had not known the speaker well and thoroughly. But, in the centre of the gray and crafty eye, there was a dull, red sparkle, as well as a compression in the line of the brow and a fierce curve of the lip, that warned Sapichy's brother-in-law to swallow the words which had been upon his tongue. Yet, even the craven heart of Paul Dimitry never knew how very nearly the Tartar blood of Dolgorouki had forgotten its Latin training. Fortunate was it for him, that the lightning-like promptness of the Russian nobleman's interruption had arrested the insulting epithets—there had been two of them—which his lips had been about to frame.

Paul Dimitry, however, drew back. Nevertheless, his momentary fear had not entirely obliterated the malevolence of his expression, when a voice was heard. Those accents replaced that malevolence with a fierce glow of brutal joy. They had come from the landing of the stair-case, immediately without the dying Boyard's sleeping-chamber.

Their tone was hoarse and loud.

So strangely like the old man's voice were they, that but for their meaning, Paul Dimitry might have believed they had been uttered by his father.

"Ivan Dimitry is dead."

For a moment, all was silent.

Not a single word of lamentation arose from the thirty or more of serfs, who were collected together in the hall and the passages around it. Ivan might be dead, but Paul was living. They, all of them, knew, by this time, that the present Boyard was standing without the entrance.

"I presume"—he said, with an insolent scorn, as the devilish pleasure blazed up in his face—"that I may now enter Berenzoff."

He attempted, as he said this, to pass the doorway.

Sapichy's hand stayed him.

It clutched his wrist as if with a grasp of iron.

"Hearken to me—son of Ivan! That voice was the voice of Catharine Dolgorouki—my wife. We shall remain here—in Berenzoff—until the body of her father is buried. Let me warn you against uttering so much as one insolent word to her. Should it chance that you did—you may take my word, that a tenement shall be leased for you, by me, next door to his."

As he uttered this threat, the face of the Russian had dilated into grandeur.

His voice was sombre and menacing.

Yet it had shapen no oath, and was scarcely raised above its usual tone.

The cheek of Paul had blanched to a sickly whiteness as he had listened.

Then, dropping his arm, Sapichy entered the mansion, and crossed toward Catharine. She had descended the stair-case, and leaning

against the last rudely-carven banister, stood there, gazing at her brother.

Her countenance was of a greenish pallor—pinched and contracted by the agony of the last half-hour. A far-away and speculative misery dimmed her grand hazel eyes. Although she was looking straight at Paul Dimitry, she scarcely seemed to be actively conscious of his presence.

She had heard her husband's words.

As he advanced, she struggled forward, and laid her hand upon Dolgorouki's shoulder.

The whole character and expression of her face contrasted singularly with the rumpled, torn and somewhat soiled splendor of her attire.

She endeavored to speak.

They were merely two words which she uttered.

These were breathed in so low a tone, that none caught them save her husband. His eyebrows were raised in astonishment—little used as he was to such a sensation—when he heard her feeble utterance.

"Poor Paul!"

Staggering forward, she fell heavily against Sapichy.

Catharine Dolgorouki had fainted.

A cruel smile sneeringly curled the new Boyard's lip, as he saw her sink within his brother-in-law's arms. It was, perchance, lucky for him that the count was too much engrossed to notice it. The quick, shrewd eyes that ordinarily saw and counted up everything which passed around them, were now fastened upon his wife. Crafty and politic as in general life he might be—shrewd and worldly as he was—little as the court-world, in which he moved, might suspect it, the Russian had, nevertheless, one green and healthy spot in his heart. He loved her.

CHAPTER VIII.—PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES—ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE—A WILD-FLLOWER AND A GARDEN-ROSE—THE DEVIL'S CHANCE—A REAL RUSSIAN VENUS—THROWING AWAY THE FOILS—THE WOLF-CUB'S TEETH.

Nothing had been heard by Monsieur or Madame de Chateaufort, touching the present whereabouts of Catharine Dolgorouki and her husband, since the night of the reception at the Austrian Ambassador's, in and of which, they had formed a portion.

In those days, the telegraph was a thing unknown.

Even the post was, in Russia, at this time, purely a negative quantity.

Letters and intelligence, on the direct routes to St. Petersburg, were borne by special courier.

On making inquiries at the mansion of Sapichy, on the second day, Henri de Chateaufort had found his wish for information completely baffled. He had been enabled to discover nothing more, respecting the reason for or direction of their sudden departure, than Flodorowna had ascertained upon the following morning.

"Oh—Yes! Monseigneur. They are undoubtedly gone."

"But—where to?"

"Heaven and St. Nicholas, alone know—your Excellency!"

"Was it to Berenzoff?"

"Or Moscow—or—"

"Anywhere else?" ejaculated the French nobleman, sharply.

"Precisely—Monsieur le Comte!"

"So that you have no idea, where?"

"Not the slightest—your Excellency!"

Dolgorouki's orders had been obeyed with a literal fidelity by his steward—a bald-headed and fat-paunched Hessian, who had resided so long in the Russian capital that he had learnt to lie as thoroughly as any Tartar, and could attest his lies by the names of the native saints with truly native unctious. Yet, in the morning immediately succeeding the sudden disappearance of the count and his lady, this individual had repaired to the Secretary of the Minister of Police, and reported their departure for Berenzoff, in consequence of intelligence they had received respecting the dangerous illness of the Boyard. Of course, this had been done by Sapichy's express direction. Had his steward received none, it would have been done all the same, upon his own behalf. Although, by no means, brought to that degree of perfection which it has more recently attained to, under the supervision of the late Tsar, the espionage of the Empire had, already, begun to develop itself. It was curiously in accordance with the genius of the people. In the country, however, its benefits were in the hands of the territorial autocracy. In St. Petersburg, Moscow, and a few of the larger cities—at this time there were not many of these—its advantages were mainly engrossed by the government, and its duties were in the hands of the Police.

Perhaps, Sapichy's direction might not have been given, had he been unaware that the Minister of Police might make it a matter of business to find out his destination, whether he willed it or not.

This is merely a matter of conjecture.

Very certainly, the Russian gentleman had no reason for concealing his destination from them or the world. At least, he had believed so.

From the world, it had been concealed in consequence of his usual habitude. He had not dreamt of Paul Dimitry's presence in the same city with himself. Coolly as he had, apparently, received the advent of his brother-in-law, at Berenzoff, it may be confessed at the moment, it was neither agreeable nor anticipated. Had he known where he was, anterior to his departure, it is barely possible that he might have considered it expedient to outwit the police and his own steward, as well as his "cher" Paul.

Unfortunately for the anxiety which was shadowily entertained by his wife, the French-

man had been for too brief a time—previously and now—mixed up with the life of St. Petersburg, to understand the manner in which information, respecting the absentees, might be most readily obtained. Had he known this, it may be considered doubtful whether he would have applied to the Police. Had he applied to them, it may be considered equally dubious whether they would have accorded the desired information to a foreigner—although he might be the special Secretary to the French Ambassador—save under positive instructions from a higher source.

Flodorowna had, indeed, suggested to him, that Sapichy, might, during his absence in Central and Western Europe have politically entangled himself.

"Possibly, he may have been arrested, and—"

"Have no fears—Fio!" said her husband. "If the name of Dolgorouki was powerful enough to save him in the chance that befell Wolinski and his other friends, it would not allow him to be snapped up on the score of some plot at plotting."

Nevertheless, he visited the old Prince Dolgorouki, who was, now, standing with one foot in the grave, to push his inquiries, respecting their friends.

The wizened and Voltairian face of the prince, looked mockingly at the French gentleman when he heard his question.

"Peste! Monsieur!" he exclaimed in his dry and thin voice—"do you suppose that my nephew is still in leading strings. He goes and comes as he chooses."

"I presumed—Monsieur! that he might, probably, have informed you of the place for which he has departed."

"Mon cher Comte, I have only seen him once since his return to St. Petersburg."

"Prince!" said the French nobleman, rising, "I apologize for having intruded upon you."

"Sit down—Monsieur. It is a pleasure you have conferred upon me."

"I am honored by your saying so—Monsieur."

"Not at all," cried the old man, shrilly, with a cackling laugh. "You want nothing from me. Diable! I see all my relatives and their relatives and their relatives' relatives, too, except Sapichy. He knows that when I am cut up, he will come in for a large share of the flesh of the dead deer. He! he! They visit me, mon cher Comte, to look after the future bread and wine. My death will be their Canaan."

You see I have read the book which men call the Bible. Nay!" he continued, as he noticed the gravity of expression of his guest's countenance, and partially, perhaps, divined the effect which his flippant style, in alluding to his proximate departure for the vale of shadows, might have upon him—"let us talk over this matter. I may suggest something. Have you thought of Berenzoff?"

"Had Sapichy and his wife departed for Berenzoff—Prince, they would have informed me."

"Perhaps so—perhaps not—"replied the other, with his thin laugh. "My nephew can keep his own counsel when he chooses to."

"But Madame Dolgorouki and my wife are close friends."

"Yes!" replied the prince. "They are foster-sisters—I know all about your marriage. I am told that the Countess de Chateaupers was a wild flower, and has become a garden-rose. Transplantation and a little good blood can do wonders." As he saw the face of the Frenchman flush, he added—"you will pardon me, but I was contrasting all that I have heard of Madame, with what I know of Paul Dimitry."

After a tolerably long pause, he looked straight in the face of Henri de Chateaupers. "I should think, Count, that Sapichy and his wife, the daughter of Boyard Dimitry, are now at Berenzoff."

"And why—Monsieur?"

"Where else should they be?"

"At such a time!"

"What time?"

"Immediately before the Coronation of the Tsarina!"

"The young"—cried the old man, with a half-laugh and a half-sigh—"are always thinking of velvets, jewels, gold-lace, fetes and feastings—the rare shows and vanities of life. Why should they not?"

"Let me beg you to except me—Prince—in nature as well as years."

Dolgorouki did not appear to hear him.

"It is only such a man as the grim Peter who can say, 'I will learn what I need,' and, thrusting the satin and the broad-cloth behind him, takes up the ax and the hammer, and goes and does it." With a sharply impatient but feeble movement of his hand, he seemed to brush querulously away something that was before him, and on which it might have been fancied that he was looking while the last words had been spoken. Then, fixing his shrewd gray eyes upon the face of his companion, he said, slowly—"the Boyard Dimitry is old."

"He is."

This answer was simple and brief. De Chateaupers did not, as yet, appreciate the significance of the prince's words.

"Older than I am."

It was with a start that the Frenchman showed he felt the possibility of the truth which the prince had suggested to him.

"Then, you think—" he began.

"That old Dimitry may be taking advantage of the two or three more years he scores than I do, to rap first on the panel of the black doorway, and say, 'I am here.'"

"He was so strong and full of health—"

"Nine years since."

"His vigor might have bid fair for fifty years more of life."

"He is now in advance of me, and I count close upon eighty."

A shrill laugh accompanied these words.

"Then your Highness thinks—"

"That the devil has a chance afforded him,

for making the Boyard's acquaintance some few months or years earlier, than he will have the honor of receiving me."

So completely had the probability of this taken the French nobleman by surprise, that he was not even shocked by the cynicism of the prince. Indeed it may be doubted whether, in any case, he would have been so. This cynicism was so thoroughly in accordance—although it was something more forcibly thrust in evidence—with the general tone of male society at this period, that it could scarcely have afforded him matter for astonishment.

Besides, he could not but see that this idea was in all probability, the fact.

The daughter of the Boyard had disappeared from the Russian capital with her husband. The supposition which had been thrust upon him, offered a reason for her having done so which was equally rational and probable.

Yet, as he remembered the hale and powerful form which he had last known as Ivan Dimitry—when he recalled that terrible scene with his unworthy son in the *kabak* at Potzeck, where he had last seen him—when he embodied before his memory the vigour and grandeur of that athletic and green old age, he could scarcely realize the idea.

Dolgorouki chuckled, as he saw what was passing in the count's mind.

Extending his hand to a richly jeweled snuff-box, lying on the table near which he was sitting, he opened it and took a pinch of its contents that he applied to his nose, daintily, while a wicked leer flashed from his cold eyes.

"The old man"—he said—"had plenty of blood and bone. But—peste! my young friend, they will not last for ever."

Monsieur de Chateaupers was about to rise, when the prince made a movement with his shriveled hand, as if to arrest him.

"Would your Highness say more?" he asked.

"Yes—Count?"

"Monsieur! I am listening."

"Pardon me—my friend!" said the old Dolgorouki—"if what I am about to ask should seem an impertinence. The aged lose much of the habitude of breeding, when they are shut up in their own dwellings as I have been for the last four years. You married a serf belonging to Ivan Dimitry?"

"Prince! I did."

"She was very charming—a real Russian Venus, if I have been informed rightly."

"You were—Monsieur?"

The Frenchman arose from his seat as he replied thus. Pleasantly polite as his host's tone was, its ill-concealed mockery affronted him.

Had the uncle of Sapichy Dolgorouki been a man of the same age as himself, he would most assuredly have retorted angrily. He felt that, considering their relative years, he could not do so. In consequence, he deemed it more prudent to retire, before something might be dropped from the tongue of the prince which might compel him to reply to it, as he would already have done to one who was younger.

"Sit down—Monsieur le Comte!" said the old man. "Believe me, you will do well to listen to me."

Placing his hand upon the back of the tall hair from which he had risen, and not reseating himself, De Chateaupers replied, curtly—"I will hear."

"Paul Dimitry is—what shall we call him? A cur? No! A wolf."

"What you will—Monsieur!"

"The wolf is a cowardly brute."

"Your Highness knows the animal."

"But, it has sharp teeth."

"You are correct—mon Prince!"

"It bites when it can."

"May I ask what this matters to me?" ejaculated the count contemptuously.

"I have been told that this wolf, or cur—whichever you like, *mon jeune ami*!" continued Dolgorouki—"loved Madame de Chateaupers."

"Prince!" was the brief reply—"that was his affair only."

"As I have heard the tale, it was yours—also."

"Until I married her."

"Just so"—replied his host, with a sharp laugh. Then, he added more slowly—"while his father is or was living."

"What does your Highness mean?" questioned the Frenchman, sternly.

"Let us fence no more"—said old Dolgorouki. "See"—he continued, making a gesture as if he was casting away something that he held in his right hand—"I throw away the foil. I have been playing with you, because it amused me. The blood of the French is heated quickly. It is soon at boiling point." De Chateaupers was unable to restrain an angry movement of impatience. The prince contemplated him with the same species of interest, a naturalist might feel in the movements of an impaled beetle. "I like your people. They have no skins"—he continued. "You have to bake a Russ, before you can tell whether he has the heart of a gentleman or a huxter."

His guest smiled. He could not help doing so—the family likeness in the minds of the uncle and his nephew was so strongly pronounced. With a slight imitation of the prince's gesture, he replied, as he reseated himself—"I follow your Highness's example."

Dolgorouki laid his thin hand—"It looked like a claw—upon the arm of the French gentleman."

"You won the Countess de Chateaupers from Ivan Dimitry—gambled for her."

At the commencement of this, the nobleman had not completely followed the meaning of the old man. When he heard the three concluding words, he sprang from his seat—literally quivering with anger.

"You forget yourself—Monsieur!"

"Perhaps I do"—chuckled Dolgorouki.

"This is something too—"

"Impertinent"—interrupted the aged nobleman, with a short and impatient scream—"until you have heard and understand what I am about to say to you. Sit down again. Don't

act as foolishly as an overgrown child, on whose skin his tutor is about to use the rod." Scarcely knowing why he complied with this imperatively offensive order, Henri de Chateaupers obeyed. "Tell me"—continued the prince. "In what fashion did Ivan Dimitry pay you?"

The Frenchman replied almost involuntarily—"he gave me Flodorowna."

"Of course he did."

"He had lost."

"Otherwise you could not have wedded her I did not ask you that."

"What—then?"

"How? And in what way?"

"I do not understand you."

The old prince shrugged his shoulders, and an expression of contempt for the dullness of his guest curled his thin lip. Then he asked—"Did he transfer her to you, formally?"

De Chateaupers saw the drift of the old nobleman's question. He now remembered the deed of manumission which had been sent him by the Boyard, through Sapichy, for her two relatives—Mallowitz and Ismaila.

"No! Monsieur"—he slowly replied.

"Then—*mon jeune ami*!" said the old man, with a mocking smile—"let me take the liberty of giving you some very wholesome advice. If you intend remaining any time in Russia, see Ivan Dimitry, while he is yet halting at the door of the half-way house between life and death. The Dimitries have Tartar memories—keen and long. When the old bear is out of the way, the young cub's teeth will be all the sharper. He could not bite before. He may—then."

"Prince!" answered De Chateaupers—"let me thank you."

"For what?"

"Your warning is kindly meant. But—"

"Not at all—not at all"—broke in Dolgorouki, with a sneering laugh. "Sapichy took for his wife the daughter of old Dimitry. It was against my will, although I was his guardian. Peter's wife—may God punish her for it, if he looks after what we do in life—would have it so. I always hated the brute of a father, and despise the beast—his son. It is for this reason I warn you, and not for any love of you. Yes!" he continued, meditatively—"I have one foot already in the grave, and can afford a virtue which is rare in Russia—the truth. Now—my friend"—he concluded, in a scoffing tone—"you can go as soon as you choose."

Reclining back in his chair, the prince threw a silken handkerchief across his face.

Without another word, Henri de Chateaupers again rose from his seat and retired.

THE WHIMS OF APPETITE.

We are told by a foreign journal the custom of frog-eating in France seems to date from the end of the fifteenth century. Champier, writing in 1504, complains of the strange taste of the people who eat frogs, and cannot conceive how persons of delicacy can eat "insects" bred in marshes and stagnant ponds.

"I have seen the time in which people ate only frogs' thighs, but now they actually eat the whole body, except the head; and, moreover, served them fried, with a little parsley."

Yet, that the practice was not universal, we gather from Pallissy, who, in his "Treatise on Stones," says:

"It is a thing that one sees every day now—that men eat articles which formerly no one would have eaten for anything in the world. In my time I have known when you could have found very few men who could have eaten either tortoises or frogs."

The custom—like that of eating beavers, and that great delicacy, their big, flat tails—probably took its rise in the desire of the fasting, or non-flesh-eating monks, to get something as like flesh as possible; and they, therefore, always reckoned amphibious animals as fish—not flesh. In like manner, though certain monks would not eat pork, they flavored their vegetables with lard, and many monasteries kept pigs for this purpose. Other monasteries got so far as to eat hashed meat—saying that when meat was so disguised, it was no longer meat. Gregory the Ninth condemned this artifice in the Constitution he gave to the Benedictines, and declared that not only was meat forbidden to them, but also hashes and stuffing made of meat.

We thought "tongue a comparatively modern dish, but there is a full recipe for roasting and saucing it," in the curious "Liber Cure Cocorum," of about 1460, A. D., edited by Mr. Richard Morris; and Le Grand d'Aussy, in his "History of the Home Life of the French," informs us that there are extant several charters of the twelfth century, in which the French lords resorted, as a rent from butchers domiciled on their estates, the tongues of all the oxen killed by the said butchers. Have the readers ever asked themselves why their dinner-knives, or rather those of their grandfathers, are and were made round at the point? M. Le Grand d'Aussy will tell them. He finds the first mention of forks in an inventory of Charles the Fifth's plate, in A. D. 1570, "quarante-trois couteaux et fourchettes (gold and jeweled)," and says that "apparently up to that time, when men began to use forks, the knife was employed to convey pieces cut off into the mouth—just as the English do now (A. D. 1782)—who have for this purpose knives whose blade is round and very large at the end."

But, as "fingers were made before forks," so were they before knives; and there is no doubt that, in the middle ages in England, fingers, and not knives, were the tools for putting solids into the mouth. It is known when milk and sugar were first used with tea in England? Was it before the French use of them in 1650, when Madame de Sevigne noticed the Marquis de la Sabliere's invention of the custom? In 1687, a French doctor, Blegny, notices that some people smoked tea like others did tobacco, while he had made of it a preserve, a distilled water, two sorts of syrup, and a febrifuge.

Lemonade was sold publicly in Paris in 1630, and its makers were formed into a guild in 1676, with the exclusive right of selling lemonade; punch was borrowed from England by the French late in the eighteenth century; but, says Le Grand d'Aussy, as the ladies do not like the strong scent that the brandy in punch leaves behind, the drink can never succeed in France—a gallant nation, whose first act and only pleasure is to please les femmes. But, gallantry notwithstanding, *ponche* is still to be had in France.

DISCOVERY OF AN EXTINCT AMERICAN CITY.—A French writer says he has found the ruins of a city, more than three miles long, near the Pacific Ocean. The sculptured monoliths, of which he promises to exhibit drawings, show a race different from Aztecs—not only in arms, but in religious rites. He states, that he has collected vocabularies of nine Indian languages.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE Princess de Metternich is dangerously sick.

SENATOR CATTELL, of New Jersey, has brain disease.

DOVER, N. H., is to give John P. Hale a reception in June.

WACHTEL's tenor voice nets him \$625 a night in Glasgow.

ROSA BONHEUR is painting a group of lions for the Bay of Tunis.

SENORA BLESTIQUE, a Mexican lady, died lately, and gave \$3,000,000 to the poor.

GILMORE, of Boston jubilee fame, will soon reorganize his band, and appear as leader.

EDWARD DUNBAR, founder of the Traveler's Club, New York, died recently in South America.

ONLY seven members of the Chamber of Peers, under King Louis XVIII., are still alive.

THEODORE LABAREE, an eminent French harpist, and foster-brother of Louis Napoleon, is dead.

CARDINAL CULLEN has returned to Dublin, without waiting for the close of the Ecumenical Council.

MANTON MARBLE, of the New York World, is reported seriously ill, and threatened with blindness.

THE Rev. Isaac Foreman, for over fifty years a colored Methodist preacher, died at Baltimore, last week.

THERE is to be another International Exhibition in London in 1871, the Prince of Wales, President.

MISS HOSMER is now modeling in clay a full-length figure of Maria Sophia, the ex-Queen of the two Sicilies.

It is rumored that Prince Arthur will take the field in person with his regiment against the Red River insurgents.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON has received \$40,000 as an expression of the value of his services in the abolition of slavery.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA has a new lover in the person of a Russian nobleman, who gambled his whole fortune in Paris.

THE largest salary in the French Imperial household, namely, ten thousand dollars a year, is received by Eugene's hair-dresser.

UPWARD of \$3,000 per annum has been secured by contributions for the benefit of Mr. Hudson, the English ex-railway king.

A MONUMENT over the remains of Captain Williams, of the Onida, is in course of erection in the foreign cemetery at Yokohama.

It is estimated that twenty-five thousand persons visited Mr. Burlingame's remains while lying in state at Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass.

MARIO, with the remains of his magnificent tenor voice, made, recently a last appearance in St. Petersburg, which was a perfect ovation.

By the terms of the separation between Ex-Queen Isabella and her husband, Don Francisco gets \$40,000 a year, and Isabella keeps the rest.

ALEXANDER THOMAS MARIE, President of the French Assembly under the provisional government of 1848, died on the 26th ult., aged seventy-three.

THE largest known diamond is that which adorns the sceptre of the Emperor of Russia. Its price was \$104,000. The Koh-i-noor ranks fifth.

CONGRESS has appropriated ten thousand pounds of bronze cannon to be used by T. D. Jones in casting his equestrian statue of Major-General McPherson.

BISHOP STROSSMAYER, of Bosnia and Servia, the lion of the Ecumenical Council, is a man 55 years of age, of fine presence, and remarkable intellectual and moral culture.

CLARA SCHUMANN, the pianist, was among the audience at a classical concert in Paris lately, and kept the people quiet in her vicinity by scowling at them when they whispered.

A CATHOLIC priest has been sentenced to death in Cuba, for espousing the Cuban cause; but the Spaniards are afraid to execute him, and he will probably be sent back to Spain.

M. DE CHAMPAGNY, a fashionable deaf mute, and the wife of a fellow-sufferer, Count de la Forest, recently gave a billiard soiree attended only by the upper-ten deaf mutes of Paris.

MRS. O'DONOVAN ROSSA gave a reading in the Town Hall of Waterford, Ireland, which was so crowded that numbers had to remain on the stairs, having been unable to get into the hall.

PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, the most celebrated duelist of the day, at Tours, obtained space by saying to the gentleman who pressed his right side, "Take care, sir; you are sitting upon my revolver."

SOME commotion was caused in a street-car in San Francisco, the other day, by a brawny sailor entering, with the word "Onida" emblazoned on his cap. He was the gunner of the unfortunate ship.

M. SOLLEL, chief cashier of the Bank of France, and who, in that capacity, signed all its notes, is dead. He was the "Spinner" of France, and used to boast that his autograph was the most valuable in France.

FATHER GRATRY, who has just been nominated Director of the French Academy, is noted for his absence of mind. One day, on his way to the Sorbonne, he imagined that he had forgotten his watch, and took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go back for it.

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN, the well-known leader at Calcutta of the Brahmo Samaj—a society of Hindoo Theists for the destruction of idolatry and caste—has been warmly welcomed in London by a crowded gathering of representatives of all religious denominations.

THE Paris papers assure us positively that the marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Princess Louise of England is fixed for the month of August. The Prince, who is heir apparent of the King of the Netherlands, and a prominent member of the Parisian Jockey Club, is 30 years of age. The Princess is 22.

GOVERNOR RANDOLPH, of New Jersey, has distinguished himself by his appointments. Among the most popular are those of Mr. A. Q. Garrettson and H. N. Congar—the former as District Attorney for Hudson County, and the latter as Secretary of State. We are glad to see that fitness for their positions, more than partisan claims, is beginning to be acted upon.

MRS. BURLINGAME was completely prostrated by the sudden death of her husband, and it was with difficulty that she went through the requisite ceremonies in St. Petersburg. It was thought to be unsafe for her to attempt the voyage home, and the continued excitement of the long period that elapsed between the death and the funeral of her distinguished husband.

stewed and cut in small pieces before they are served, so that the one who eats has very little occasion to use a knife. In a private dwelling, it is the custom to carry the roasted article whole before the master of the house. He gives a sign of approval, and the dish then goes back to the kitchen, where the pig, duck, or whatever else is offered, is cut up. But in the restaurants this etiquette is not observed unless specially desired. Some of the Chinese restaurants in San Francisco do their cooking in the American style, and carry on quite a business with others than their countrymen.

There is a story, not authentic, that in the early days of San Francisco, a Chinese restaurant announced "rat pie" on its bill of fare. The delicacy was not popular with the Americans, and, after a week or so, it was stricken from the list. Next day, the restaurant advertised "squirrel pie," and found them in good demand.

On pleasant days, the cobblers and other small operators conduct their work out of doors, and a visitor to the Chinese quarter of San Francisco will witness many scenes like the one in the picture. The cobbler does not mind the sun, nor the eyes of strangers. The box on which he is seated, a basket, a tray, and a small tub of water, added to his tools, complete his working outfit, and he is ready for any job that is presented. His patrons are generally his own countrymen, but he does not hesitate to endeavor to mend an American boot, and he will sometimes effect a neat repair on a very dilapidated specimen.

The cigar-makers are in goodly number among the Chinese on the Pacific coast, and they are very skillful in imitating the favorite brands of American smokers. Comparatively few of the Chinese smoke cigars; they prefer their pipes, and are able to get a great deal of comfort from them. Most of the cigars made by the Chinese are as bad as those retailed by their countrymen around the City Hall Park in New York, but this is not always the case. One of my acquaintances in San Francisco thinks he knows a fine cigar when he sees it, and he will have none but the best brands. One day the general—for my friend is a general—paid a fabulous price for a box of real Havanas with a label around each cigar. He was proud of his prize, and in a day or two a Chinese merchant happened in his store.

"Here is a nice cigar," said the general, as he offered his visitor a choice specimen.

"Oh," said the Chinese, "me know him; Chinaman on Kearney street makee him."

"Oh, no," replied the general, as he touched the paper label, "that is a real Havana; see the maker's name."

The visitor was not to be put off, as he eyed the cigar again, and insisted, "Me know him; Chinaman on Kearney street makee him, and he makee paper with cigar."

The general never boasted again of his good cigars.

TIME LONG PAST.

Like the ghost of a dear friend dead
Is time long past.
A tone which is now forever fled,
A hope which is now forever past,
A love so sweet it could not last,
Was time long past.

There were sweet dreams in the night
Of time long past;
And, was it sadness or delight,
Each day a shadow onward cast,
Which made us wish it yet might last—
That time long past?

There is regret, almost remorse,
For time long past.
'Tis like a child's beloved corse
A father watches, till at last
Beauty is like remembrance cast
From time long past.

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

PART II.—THE FRENCH COUNTESS.

CHAPTER VII.—THE LION AT THE DOOR OF THE TOMB—BRANDY—WHY DOES SHE NOT COME—IS IT DEATH—THE WHEELS ARE HEARD—ONCE MORE—A LAST EMBRACE—THE ARRIVAL OF "CHER PAUL"—"IVAN DIMITRY IS DEAD."

"Will she never come?"
The boy who had replaced Podatchky—he was now a full-grown serf—hastened immediately to the side of the bed, on which the gaunt and once powerful form of Ivan Dimitry was stretched. He held to the lips of the old Boyard, who was propped up on it, by a pile of pillows, a cup of wine.

"No! Brandy."

"The master—"

When he uttered this, the fierce black eyes turned upon those of Alexis.

"What I always forbade"—exclaimed the Boyard, with his former clear, harsh and ringing voice—"will soon be forbidden by One who is Greater than I am. Do not forget again, Brandy!"

"It is forbidden—"

"By the physician who came from St. Petersburg to heal me. He was an ass in all but one thing. He told me that I must be gathered in to the threshing-yard of mortality. St. Ivan be good to me. Will any sound corn be found with the husk?" After a pause, he again said—"Brandy! Alexis—give me brandy!"

The serf obeyed him.

He held the silver cup to his lips and the old man drank deeply. Life seemed to be confined to his head. His body and limbs were powerless. He was unable to move.

"Turn me to the window—Alexis!" When

he uttered this, placing the goblet upon the table, the serf with some difficulty, changed the position of Dimitry. Holding him up, in his arms, he arranged the pillows to support the inert figure, while the Boyard's sharp black eyes gazed wistfully through the open window, upon the sunset. The crescent moon—it was in its first quarter—was faintly drawn in the yellow beauty of the west. "Never again shall I see thee, full and round."

It may have been a sigh which proceeded from his lips.

So seldom, if ever, had such a sound come from them, that the serf doubted his ears. The old man's eyelids were closed—he breathed heavily. Alexis fancied that he again slept, and with a deft hand, noiselessly arranged the quilted coverlet around the shape of his master. He was mistaken, however.

Dimitry again unclosed his eyes.

"How long has Koulsky been gone?"

"Three days, this morning!"

"If she is not here, this night, I shall no more see her."

"This time, he groaned."

"Are you suffering?" exclaimed the serf, bending over him.

"Stand back, from between me and the light!"

Alexis drew back. The old man groaned no more. Well nigh an hour had passed, when without any assistance, he sat up, straight in his bed. The attendant hastened to support him, but with an imperative movement, Dimitry waved him back. He was listening. For many days, he had been absolutely without the capacity to stir. His muscular power had partially returned to him. What could this be?

"Is it death?" thought the serf.

"Not yet!"

The Boyard had replied to the unspoken inquiry.

All was again silent, save the occasional chirp of the cricket, or the moaning cry of the bull-frog which broke the stillness without.

He was listening, eagerly.

This had endured some minutes, when the sound of wheels became vaguely audible in the distance.

It was with an inquiring glance, that the bead-like, black eyes of Dimitry turned to the serf.

"I hear it"—replied Alexis, to that mutely shapen question.

Sinking back upon his pillows, the Boyard spoke for the first time, feebly.

"More brandy!"

This time, the serf brought it to him, without a word of remonstrance. He, evidently, believed that death was at hand.

The momentary muscular power exhibited by the dying man had passed from his frame. Only by the assistance of Alexis, was he enabled to drink the spirit. It revived him.

By this time the wheels and rattling hoofs were heard on the flat space in front of the mansion.

"She is here"—murmured the Boyard.

At the same time, the carriage stopped. Domestic might be heard running toward it. The door of the droschky opened, and the voice of Catharine, low as it was, rose to his ears.

"Is Ivan yet alive?"

"Yes! mistress."

"May God and St. Ivan be thanked."

Dimitry heard her foot upon the stairs. It sounded like a male tread rather than that of a woman, so firm and rapid were its movements.

Then, the door opened. She was there—still dressed as she had issued from the scene of the carousal at the Austrian Ambassador's—the rouge unwashed from her cheeks—her powdered hair hanging in disorder around her neck, and the jewels she had worn, still sparkling on her neck and bosom.

"Ivan!"

Scarcely had the cry passed her lips and the old man seen her dark eyes—now far more like his own—as they flashed upon him with a terrible and yearning love, than his strength seemed, a second time, that day, to revisit his frame. He again erected his form and extended his arms, wide as the passion of his affection for her, was. With a clear and sonorous voice, which she could scarcely have believed was that of one so soon to be lost to her, he shaped her name.

"Catharine!"

In another moment, their arms were wound around each other. His lips, covered with the long white hair of well-nigh a century, were pressed to hers, but, some sixty hours since, curved and rosy with the ripeness and beauty of womanhood. His bristling and snowy hair fell densely around her face, mingling with her own dishevelled and powdered tresses.

They remained thus, for several minutes, so lost to all but the presence of each other that they noticed nothing else.

Then, the Boyard raised his head.

He saw the grave and motionless figure of Sapichy Dolgorouki. It was standing without the opened door.

"Farewell! my son-in-law"—he said, in a calm voice. "You must not grudge me the possession of your wife for some thirty minutes or more, if I should last so long."

He turned to the serf. "Leave us—Alexis! You have been a faithful servant. You, now—or, in a short time, will belong to Catharine. Go, and close the door."

The domestic followed the count, whose foot was already descending the stair-case.

When Sapichy issued from the door of the mansion, and stood there—looking upon the landscape which was visible from it—he was thinking—seriously. It must be remembered that he was, as yet, ignorant of Paul's presence once more in his own country. His brow was knit, and his hands were clasped behind him. Perhaps, he may have—but, no! An acute and sufficiently unscrupulous man of the world, he doubted, was. But, as undoubtedly, he was a brave soldier. Nor, must it be supposed, that he entertained any idea of playing a crooked

game, to prevent the son of the old Boyard from inheriting his father's wealth in land or humanity.

He was suddenly aroused from his reverie by the apparently wearied tramp of a horse. The sound of that hoof was a familiar one.

Looking up, he saw that it was that of old Dimitry's own animal.

"It must be Koulsky"—he said. "The fool did not rest, as I bade him."

When the rider drew a trifle nearer, Sapichy's quick eyes saw that he had been mistaken. Although clad in somewhat more respectable garments than when Potatchky had caught a fugitive glimpse of him, he recognized the unexpected arrival. It was with a sombre frown he did so.

His face had, however, cleared, as his brother-in-law dismounted. It was, even, with a mocking smile that he saluted him.

"Cher Paul! you were the last man in my thoughts."

"Was I—Count Dolgorouki?"

Young Dimitry then attempted to enter the house, which would so soon belong to him. But, Sapichy had planted himself in the open doorway.

"Where would you go?"

"To my father."

"You cannot—mon cher Paul!"

"Why?"

"It would seem to me, that knowing both him and yourself, you had better pause."

"Is that your only reason?"

"No!"

"What other have you?"

"Another friend of yours happens to be with him, to whom your presence might not, at this precise moment, prove acceptable."

"Your wife?"

"And your sister—cher Paul!"

It would be impossible to describe the malignity which characterized the two words spoken by the son of the Boyard. Nor, to tell the truth, would it be easier to realize the inclusive yet polished scorn which sparkled through the thin courtesy of Dolgorouki's reply.

At all events, Paul felt it.

His sallow skin became crimson with his rage, as he demanded—"What right has Catharine to be with him, more than I have?"

Sapichy smiled.

"You ask that?"

"I do."

"The right of Ivan Dimitry's own will."

"His will is a power—now. Mine—"

"May be a power, here, within some score of minutes."

The accent which colored the reply of the courtier, was so contemptuously scoffing, that Paul Dimitry could no longer control his anger.

Thin as the wall had been which, until now, he had drawn athwart his feelings, both toward him and his sister, he rent it savagely away.

"Then"—he said, with a bitter oath—"my serfs shall put you and her from the door of Berenzoff, as they might a—"

"What—cher Paul?"

This question—rapidly uttered as it was, cutting short what the son of the Boyard had been about to add—was spoken in a low and tender key, which would have been untranslatable to any who had not known the speaker well and thoroughly. But, in the centre of the gray and crafty eye, there was a dull, red sparkle, as well as a compression in the line of the brow and a fierce curve of the lip, that warned Sapichy's brother-in-law to swallow the words which had been upon his tongue. Yet, even the craven heart of Paul Dimitry never knew how very nearly the Tartar blood of Dolgorouki had forgotten its Latin training. Fortunate was it for him, that the lightning-like promptness of the Russian nobleman's interruption had arrested the insulting epithets—there had been two of them—which his lips had been about to frame.

Paul Dimitry, however, drew back.

Nevertheless, his momentary fear had not entirely obliterated the malevolence of his expression, when a voice was heard. Those accents replaced that malevolence with a fierce glow of brutal joy. They had come from the landing of the stair-case, immediately without the dying Boyard's sleeping-chamber.

Their tone was hoarse and loud.

So strangely like the old man's voice were they, that but for their meaning, Paul Dimitry might have believed they had been uttered by his father.

"Ivan Dimitry is dead."

For a moment, all was silent.

Not a single word of lamentation arose from the thirty or more of serfs, who were collected together in the hall and the passages around it. Ivan might be dead, but Paul was living. They, all of them, knew, by this time, that the present Boyard was standing without the entrance.

"I presume"—he said, with an insolent scorn, as the devilish pleasure blazed up in his face—"that I may now enter Berenzoff."

He attempted, as he said this, to pass the doorway.

Sapichy's hand stayed him.

It clutched his wrist as if with a grasp of iron.

"Hearken to me—son of Ivan! That voice was the voice of Catharine Dolgorouki—my wife. We shall remain here—in Berenzoff—until the body of her father is buried. Let me warn you against uttering so much as one insolent word to her. Should it chance that you did—you may take my word, that a tenement shall be leased for you, by me, next door to his."

As he uttered this threat, the face of the Russian had dilated into grandeur.

His voice was sombre and menacing.

Yet it had shapen no oath, and was scarcely raised above its usual tone.

The cheek of Paul had blanched to a sickly whiteness as he had listened.

Then, dropping his arm, Sapichy entered the mansion, and crossed toward Catharine. She had descended the staircase, and leaning

against the last rudely-carven banister, stood there, gazing at her brother.

Her countenance was of a greenish pallor—pinched and contracted by the agony of the last half-hour. A far-away and speculative misery dimmed her grand hazel eyes. Although she was looking straight at Paul Dimitry, she scarcely seemed to be actively conscious of his presence.

She had heard her husband's words.

As he advanced, she struggled forward, and laid her hand upon Dolgorouki's shoulder.

The whole character and expression of her face contrasted singularly with the rumpled, torn and somewhat soiled splendor of her attire.

She endeavored to speak.

They were merely two words which she uttered.

These were breathed in so low a tone, that none caught them save her husband. His eyebrows were raised in astonishment—little used as he was to such a sensation—when he heard her feeble utterance.

"Poor Paul!"

Staggering forward, she fell heavily against Sapichy.

Catharine Dolgorouki had fainted.

A cruel smile sneeringly curled the new Boyard's lip, as he saw her sink within his brother-in-law's arms. It was, perchance, lucky for him that the count was too much engrossed to notice it. The quick, shrewd eyes that ordinarily saw and counted up everything which passed around them, were now fastened upon his wife. Crafty and politic as in general life he might be—shrewd and worldly as he was—little as the court-world, in which he moved, might suspect it, the Russian had, nevertheless, one green and healthy spot in his heart. He loved her.

CHAPTER VIII.—PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES—ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE—A WILD-FLLOWER AND A GARDEN-ROSE—THE DEVIL'S CHANCE—A REAL RUSSIAN VENUS—THROWING AWAY THE FOILS—THE WOLF-CUB'S TEETH.

NOTHING had been heard by Monsieur or Madame de Chateaupers, touching the present whereabouts of Catharine Dolgorouki and her husband, since the night of the reception at the Austrian Ambassador's, in and of which, they had formed a portion.

In those days, the telegraph was a thing unknown.

Even the post was, in Russia, at this time, purely a negative quantity.

Letters and intelligence, on the direct routes to St. Petersburg, were borne by special courier.

On making inquiries at the mansion of Sapichy, on the second day, Henri de Chateaupers had found his wish for information completely baffled. He had been enabled to discover nothing more, respecting the reason for or direction of their sudden departure, than Flodorowna had ascertained upon the following morning.

"Oh—Yes! Monseigneur. They are undoubtedly gone."

"But—where to?"

"Heaven and St. Nicholas, alone know—your Excellency!"

"Was it to Berenzoff?"

"Or Moscow—or—"

"Anywhere else?" ejaculated the French nobleman, sharply.

"Precisely—Monsieur le Comte!"

"So that you have no idea, where?"

"Not the slightest—your Excellency!"

Dolgorouki's orders had been obeyed with a literal fidelity by his steward—a bald-headed and fat-paunched Hessian, who had resided so long in the Russian capital that he had learnt to lie as thoroughly as any Tartar, and could attest his lies by the names of the native saints with truly native unctious. Yet, in the morning immediately succeeding the sudden disappearance of the count and his lady, this individual had repaired to the Secretary of the Minister of Police, and reported their departure for Berenzoff, in consequence of intelligence they had received respecting the dangerous illness of the Boyard. Of course, this had been done by Sapichy's express direction. Had his steward received none, it would have been done all the same, upon his own behalf. Although, by no means, brought to that degree of perfection which it has more recently attained to, under the supervision of the late Tzar, the espionage of the Empire had, already, begun to develop itself. It was curiously in accordance with the genius of the people. In the country, however, its benefits were in the hands of the territorial autocracy. In St. Petersburg, Moscow, and a few of the larger cities—at this time there were not many of these—its advantages were mainly engrossed by the government, and its duties were in the hands of the Police.

Perhaps, Sapichy's direction might not have been given, had he been unaware that the Minister of Police might make it a matter of business to find out his destination, whether he willed it or not.

This is merely a matter of conjecture.

Very certainly, the Russian gentleman had no reason for concealing his destination from them or the world. At least, he had believed so. From the world, it had been concealed in consequence of his usual habit. He had not dreamt of Paul Dimitry's presence in the same city with himself. Coolly as he had, apparently, received the advent of his brother-in-law, at Berenzoff, it may be confessed at the moment, it was neither agreeable nor anticipated. Had he known where he was, anterior to his departure, it is barely possible that he might have considered it expedient to outwit the police and his own steward, as well as his "cher" Paul.

Unfortunately for the anxiety which was shadowily entertained by his wife, the French-

man had been for too brief a time—previously and now—mixed up with the life of St. Petersburg, to understand the manner in which information, respecting the absentees, might be most readily obtained. Had he known this, it may be considered doubtful whether he would have applied to the Police. Had he applied to them, it may be considered equally dubious whether they would have accorded the desired information to a foreigner—although he might be the special Secretary to the French Ambassador—save under positive instructions from a higher source.

Flodorowna had, indeed, suggested to him, that Sapichy, might, during his absence in Central and Western Europe have politically entangled himself.

"Possibly, he may have been arrested, and—"

"Have no fears—Flo!" said her husband. "If the name of Dolgorouki was powerful enough to save him in the chance that befell Wolinski and his other friends, it would not allow him to be snapped up on the score of some play at plotting."

Nevertheless, he visited the old Prince Dolgorouki, who was, now, standing with one foot in the grave, to push his inquiries, respecting their friends.

The wizened and Voltairian face of the prince, looked mockingly at the French gentleman when he heard his question.

"Peste! Monsieur!" he exclaimed in his dry and thin voice—"do you suppose that my nephew is still in leading strings. He goes and comes as he chooses."

"I presumed—Monsieur! that he might, probably, have informed you of the place for which he has departed."

"Mon cher Comte, I have only seen him once since his return to St. Petersburg."

"Prince"—said the French nobleman, rising, "I apologize for having intruded upon you."

"Sit down—Monsieur. It is a pleasure you have conferred upon me."

"I am honored by your saying so—Monsieur."

"Not at all," cried the old man, shrilly, with a cackling laugh. "You want nothing from me. Diable! I see all my relatives and their relatives and their relatives' relatives, too, except Sapichy. He knows that when I am cut up, he will come in for a large share of the flesh of the dead deer. He! he! They visit me, mon cher Comte, to look after the future bread and wine. My death will be their Canaan. You see I have read the book which men call the Bible. Nay?" he continued, as he noticed the gravity of expression of his guest's countenance, and partially, perhaps, divined the effect which his sly style, in alluding to his proximate departure for the vale of shadows, might have upon him—"let us talk over this matter. I may suggest something. Have you thought of Berenzoff?"

"Had Sapichy and his wife departed for Berenzoff—Prince, they would have informed me."

"Perhaps so—perhaps not—"replied the other, with his thin laugh. "My nephew can keep his own counsel when he chooses to."

"But Madame Dolgorouki and my wife are close friends."

"Yes!" replied the prince. "They are foster-sisters—I know all about your marriage. I am told that the Countess de Chateaupers was a wild flower, and has become a garden-rose. Transplantation and a little good blood can do wonders." As he saw the face of the Frenchman flush, he added—"you will pardon me, but I was contrasting all that I have heard of Madame, with what I know of Paul Dimitry."

After a tolerably long pause, he looked straight in the face of Henri de Chateaupers. "I should think, Count, that Sapichy and his wife, the daughter of Boyard Dimitry, are now at Berenzoff."

"And why—Monsieur?"

"Where else should they be?"

"At such a time?"

"What time?"

"Immediately before the Coronation of the Tsarina!"

"The young"—cried the old man, with a half-laugh and a half-sigh—"are always thinking of velvets, jewels, gold-lace, fêtes and feasting—the rare shows and vanities of life. Why should they not?"

"Let me beg you to except me—Prince—in nature as well as years."

Dolgorouki did not appear to hear him.

"It is only such a man as the grim Peter who can say, 'I will learn what I need,' and, thrusting the satin and the broad-cloth behind him, takes up the ax and the hammer, and goes and does it." With a sharply impatient but feeble movement of his hand, he seemed to brush querulously away something that was before him, and on which it might have been fancied that he was looking while the last words had been spoken. Then, fixing his shrewd gray eyes upon the face of his companion, he said, slowly—"the Boyard Dimitry is old."

"He is."

This answer was simple and brief. De Chateaupers did not, as yet, appreciate the significance of the prince's words.

"Older than I am."

It was with a start that the Frenchman showed he felt the possibility of the truth which the prince had suggested to him.

"Then, you think—" he began.

"That old Dimitry may be taking advantage of the two or three more years he scores than I do, to rap first on the panel of the black doorway, and say, 'I am here.'"

"He was so strong and full of health—"

"Nine years since."

"His vigor might have bid fair for fifty years more of life."

"He is now in advance of me, and I count close upon eighty."

A shrill laugh accompanied these words.

"Then your Highness thinks—"

"That the devil has a chance afforded him,

for making the Boyard's acquaintance some few months or years earlier, than he will have the honor of receiving me."

So completely had the probability of this taken the French nobleman by surprise, that he was not even shocked by the cynicism of the prince. Indeed it may be doubted whether, in any case, he would have been so. This cynicism was so thoroughly in accordance—although it was something more forcibly thrust in evidence—with the general tone of male society at this period, that it could scarcely have afforded him matter for astonishment.

Besides, he could not but see that this idea was in all probability, the fact.

The daughter of the Boyard had disappeared from the Russian capital with her husband. The supposition which had been thrust upon him, offered a reason for her having done so which was equally rational and probable.

Yet, as he remembered the hale and powerful form which he had last known as Ivan Dimitry—when he recalled that terrible scene with his unworthy son in the *kabak* at Potzeck, where he had last seen him—when he embodied before his memory the vigour and grandeur of that athletic and green old age, he could scarcely realize the idea.

Dolgorouki chuckled, as he saw what was passing in the count's mind.

Extending his hand to a richly jeweled snuff-box, lying on the table near which he was sitting, he opened it and took a pinch of its contents that he applied to his nose, daintily, while a wicked leer flashed from his cold eyes.

"The old man"—he said—"had plenty of blood and bone. But—peste! my young friend, they will not last for ever."

Monsieur De Chateaupers was about to rise, when the prince made a movement with his shriveled hand, as if to arrest him.

"Would your Highness say more?" he asked.

"Yes—Count?"

"Monsieur! I am listening."

"Pardon me—my friend!" said the old Dolgorouki—"if what I am about to ask should seem an impertinence. The aged lose much of the habitude of breeding, when they are shut up in their own dwellings as I have been for the last four years. You married a serf belonging to Ivan Dimitry?"

"Prince! I did."

"She was very charming—a real Russian Venus, if I have been informed rightly."

"You were—Monsieur?"

The Frenchman arose from his seat as he replied thus. Pleasantly polite as his host's tone was, its ill-concealed mockery affronted him.

Had the uncle of Sapichy Dolgorouki been a man of the same age as himself, he would most assuredly have retorted angrily. He felt that, considering their relative years, he could not do so. In consequence, he deemed it more prudent to retire, before something might be dropped from the tongue of the prince which might compel him to reply to it, as he would already have done to one who was younger.

"Sit down—Monsieur le Comte!" said the old man. "Believe me, you will do well to listen to me."

Placing his hand upon the back of the tall hair from which he had risen, and not reseating himself, De Chateaupers replied, curtly—"I will hear."

"Paul Dimitry is—what shall we call him? A cur? No! A wolf."

"What you will—Monsieur?"

"The wolf is a cowardly brute."

"Your Highness knows the animal."

"But, it has sharp teeth."

"You are correct—mon Prince?"

"It bites when it can."

"May I ask what this matters to me?" ejaculated the count contemptuously.

"I have been told that this wolf, or cur—whichever you like, *mon jeune ami*!" continued Dolgorouki—"loved Madame de Chateaupers."

"Prince!" was the brief reply—"that was his affair only."

"As I have heard the tale, it was yours—also."

"Until I married her."

"Just so"—replied his host, with a sharp laugh. Then, he added more slowly—"while his father is or was living."

"What does your Highness mean?" questioned the Frenchman, sternly.

"Let us fence no more"—said old Dolgorouki. "See"—he continued, making a gesture as if he was casting away something that he held in his right hand—"I throw away the foil. I have been playing with you, because it amused me. The blood of the French is heated quickly. It is soon at boiling point." De Chateaupers was unable to restrain an angry movement of impatience. The prince contemplated him with the same species of interest, a naturalist might feel in the movements of an impaled beetle.

"I like your people. They have no skulls"—he continued. "You have to bake a Russ, before you can tell whether he has the heart of a gentleman or a huxter."

His guest smiled. He could not help doing so—the family likeness in the minds of the uncle and his nephew was so strongly pronounced. With a slight imitation of the prince's gesture, he replied, as he roseated himself—

"I follow your Highness's example."

Dolgorouki laid his thin hand—it looked like a claw—upon the arm of the French gentleman.

"You won the Countess de Chateaupers from Ivan Dimitry—gambled for her."

At the commencement of this, the nobleman had not completely followed the meaning of the old man. When he heard the three concluding words, he sprang from his seat—literally quivering with anger.

"You forget yourself—Monsieur!"

"Perhaps I do"—chuckled Dolgorouki.

"This is something too—"

"Impertinent!"—interrupted the aged nobleman, with a short and impatient scream—"until you have heard and understood what I am about to say to you. Sit down again. Don't

act as foolishly as an overgrown child, on whose skin his tutor is about to use the rod." Scarcely knowing why he complied with this imperatively offensive order, Henri de Chateaupers obeyed. "Tell me"—continued the prince.

"In what fashion did Ivan Dimitry pay you?"

The Frenchman replied almost involuntarily—"he gave me Flodorowna."

"Of course he did."

"He had lost."

"Otherwise you could not have wedded her. I did not ask you that."

"What—then?"

"How? And in what way?"

"I do not understand you."

The old prince shrugged his shoulders, and an expression of contempt for the dullness of his guest curled his thin lip. Then he asked—

"Did he transfer her to you, formally?"

De Chateaupers saw the drift of the old nobleman's question. He now remembered the deed of manumission which had been sent him by the Boyard, through Sapichy, for her two relatives—Mallowitz and Ismaila.

"No! Monsieur!"—he slowly replied.

"Then—*mon jeune ami*!" said the old man, with a mocking smile—"let me take the liberty of giving you some very wholesome advice. If you intend remaining any time in Russia, see Ivan Dimitry, while he is yet halting at the door of the half-way house between life and death. The Dimitries have Tartar memories—keen and long. When the old bear is out of the way, the young cubs' teeth will be all the sharper. He could not bite before. He may—then."

"Prince!" answered De Chateaupers—"let me thank you."

"For what?"

"Your warning is kindly meant. But—"

"Not at all—not at all!"—broke in Dolgorouki, with a sneering laugh. "Sapichy took for his wife the daughter of old Dimitry. It was against my will, although I was his guardian. Peter's wife—may God punish her for it, if he looks after what we do in life—would have it so. I always hated the brute of a father, and despise the beast—his son. It is for this reason I warn you, and not for any love of you. Yes!" he continued, meditatively—"I have one foot already in the grave, and can afford a virtue which is rare in Russia—the truth. Now—my friend"—he concluded, in a scoffing tone—"you can go as soon as you choose."

Reclining back in his chair, the prince threw a silken handkerchief across his face.

Without another word, Henri de Chateaupers again rose from his seat and retired.

THE WHIMS OF APPETITE.

We are told by a foreign journal the custom of frog-eating in France seems to date from the end of the fifteenth century. Champer, writing in 1504, complains of the strange taste of the people who eat frogs, and cannot conceive how persons of delicacy can eat "insects" bred in marshes and stagnant ponds.

"I have seen the time in which people ate only frogs' thighs, but now they actually eat the whole body, except the head; and, moreover, served them fried, with a little parsley."

Yet, that the practice was not universal, we gather from Palfrey, who, in his "Treatise on Stones," says: "It is a thing that one sees every day now—that men eat articles which formerly no one would have eaten for anything in the world. In my time I have known when you could have found very few men who could have eaten either tortoises or frogs."

The custom—like that of eating beavers, and that great delicacy, their big, flat tails—probably took its rise in the desire of the fasting, or non-flesh-eating monks, to get something as like flesh as possible; and they, therefore, always reckoned amphibious animals as fish—not flesh. In like manner, though certain monks would not eat pork, they favored their vegetables with lard, and many monasteries kept pigs for this purpose. Other monasteries got so far as to eat hashed meat—saying that when meat was so disguised, it was no longer meat. Gregory the Ninth condemned this artifice in the Constitution he gave to the Benedictines, and declared that not only was meat forbidden to them, but also hashes and stuffing made of meat.

We thought "tongue a comparatively modern dish, but there is a full recipe for roasting and saucing it," in the curious "Liber Curie Cocorum," of about 1460, A. D., edited by Mr. Richard Morris; and Le Grand d'Aussy, in his "History of the Home Life of the French," informs us that there are extant several charters of the twelfth century, in which the French lords reserve, as a rent from butchers domiciled on their estates, the tongues of all the oxen killed by the said butchers. Have the readers ever asked themselves why their dinner-knives, or rather those of their grandfathers, are and were made round at the point? M. Le Grand d'Aussy will tell them. He finds the first mention of forks in an inventory of Charles the Fifth's plate, in A. D. 1379, "quarante-trois cuillers et fourchettes (gold and jeweled)," and says that "apparently up to that time, when men began to use forks, the knife was employed to convey pieces cut off into the mouth—just as the English do now (A. D. 1782)—who have for this purpose knives whose blades is round and very large at the end."

But, as "fingers were made before forks," so were they before knives; and there is no doubt that, in the middle ages in England, fingers, and not knives, were the tools for putting solids into the mouth. It is known when milk and sugar were first used with tea in England? Was it before the French use of them in 1650, when Madame de Sevigne noticed the Marquise de la Sablière's invention of the custom? In 1687, a French doctor, Blegny, notices that some people smoked tea like others did tobacco, while he had made of it a preserve, a distilled water, two sorts of syrup, and a scabifuge.

Lemonade was sold publicly in Paris in 1650, and its makers were formed into a guild in 1676, with the exclusive right of selling lemonade; punch was borrowed from England by the French late in the eighteenth century; but, says Le Grand d'Aussy, as the ladies do not like the strong scent that the brandy in punch leaves behind, the drink can never succeed in France—a gallant nation, whose first act and only pleasure is to please *les femmes*. But, gallantry notwithstanding, *pouche* is still to be had in France.

DISCOVERY OF AN EXTINCT AMERICAN CITY.

A French writer says he has found the ruins of a city, more than three miles long, near the Pacific Ocean. The sculptured monoliths, of which he promises to exhibit drawings, show a race different from Aztecs—not only in arms, but in religious rites. He states, that he has collected vocabularies of nine Indian languages.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE Princess de Metternich is dangerously sick.

SENATOR CATTELL, of New Jersey, has brain disease.

DOVER, N. H., is to give John P. Hale a reception in June.

WACHTEL's tenor voice nets him \$625 a night in Glasgow.

ROSA BONHEUR is painting a group of lions for the Bay of Tunis.

SENORA BLESTIQUE, a Mexican lady, died lately, and gave \$3,000,000 to the poor.

GILMORE, of Boston jubilee fame, will soon reorganize his band, and appear as leader.

EDWARD DUNBAR, founder of the Traveler's Club, New York, died recently in South America.

ONLY seven members of the Chamber of Peers, under King Louis XVIII., are still alive.

THEODORE LARABEE, an eminent French harpist, and foster-brother of Louis Napoleon, is dead.

CARDINAL CULLEN has returned to Dublin, without waiting for the close of the Ecumenical Council.

MANTON MARBLE, of the New York World, is reported seriously ill, and threatened with blindness.

THE Rev. Isaac Foreman, for over fifty years a colored Methodist preacher, died at Baltimore, last week.

THERE is to be another International Exhibition in London in 1871, the Prince of Wales, President.

MISS HOMER is now modeling in clay a full-length figure of Maria Sophia, the ex-Queen of the two Sicilies.

It is rumored that Prince Arthur will take the field in person with his regiment against the Red River insurgents.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON has received \$40,000 as an expression of the value of his services in the abolition of slavery.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA has a new lover in the person of a Russian nobleman, who gambled his whole fortune in Paris.

THE largest salary in the French Imperial household, namely, ten thousand dollars a year, is received by Eugénie's hair-dresser.

UPWARD of \$3,000 per annum has been secured by contributions for the benefit of Mr. Hudson, the English ex-railway king.

A MONUMENT over the remains of Captain Williams, of the Ononda, is in course of erection in the foreign cemetery at Yokohama.

It is estimated that twenty-five thousand persons visited Mr. Burlingame's remains while lying in state at Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass.

MARIO, with the remains of his magnificent tenor voice, made, recently a last appearance in St. Petersburg, which was a perfect ovation.

By the terms of the separation between Ex-Queen Isabella and her husband, Don Francisco gets \$40,000 a year, and Isabella keeps the rest.

ALEXANDER THOMAS MARIE, President of the French Assembly under the provisional government of 1848, died on the 26th ult., aged seventy-three.

THE largest known diamond is that which adorns the sceptre of the Emperor of Russia. Its price was £104,000. The Koh-i-noor ranks fifth.

CONGRESS has appropriated ten thousand pounds of bronze cannon to be used by T. D. Jones in casting his equestrian statue of Major-General MePherson.

BISHOP STROSSMAYER, of Bosnia and Servia, the lion of the Ecumenical Council, is a man 55 years of age, of fine presence, and remarkable intellectual and moral culture.

CLARA SCHUMANN, the pianist, was among the audience at a classical concert in Paris lately, and kept the people quiet in her vicinity by scowling at them when they whispered.

A CATHOLIC priest has been sentenced to death in Cuba, for espousing the Cuban cause; but the Spaniards are afraid to execute him, and he will probably be sent back to Spain.

M. DE CHAMPAGNY, a fashionable deaf mute, and the wife of a fellow-sufferer, Count de la Forest, recently gave a brilliant soiree attended only by the upper-ten deaf mutes of Paris.

MRS. O'DONOVAN ROSSA gave a reading in the Town Hall of Waterford, Ireland, which was so crowded that numbers had to remain on the stairs, having been unable to get into the hall.

PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, the most celebrated duelist of the day, at Tours, obtained space by saying to the gentleman who pressed his right side, "Take care, sir; you are sitting upon my revolver."

SOME commotion was caused in a street-car in San Francisco, the other day, by a brawny sailor entering, with the word "Onedra" emblazoned on his cap. He was the gunner of the unfortunate ship.

M. SOLIEL, chief cashier of the Bank of France, and who, in that capacity, signed all its notes, is dead. He was the "Spinner" of France, and used to boast that his autograph was the most valuable in France.

FATHER GRATRY, who has just been nominated Director of the French Academy, is noted for his absence of mind. One day, on his way to the Sorbonne, he imagined that he had forgotten his watch, and took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go back for it.

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN, the well-known leader at Calcutta of the Brahmo Samaj—a society of Hindoo Theists for the destruction of idolatry and caste—has been warmly welcomed in London by a crowded gathering of representatives of all religious denominations.

THE Paris papers assure us positively that the marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Princess Louise of England is fixed for the month of August. The Prince, who is heir apparent of the King of the Netherlands, and a prominent member of the Parisian Jockey Club, is 30 years of age. The Princess is 22.

GOVERNOR RANDOLPH, of New Jersey, has distinguished himself by his appointments. Among the most popular are those of Mr. A. Q. Garrettson and H. N. Congar—the former as District Attorney for Hudson County, and the latter as Secretary of State. We are glad to see that fitness for their positions, more than partisan claims, is beginning to be acted upon.

MRS. BURLINGAME was completely prostrated by the sudden death of her husband, and it was with difficulty that she went through the requisite ceremonies in St. Petersburg. It was thought to be unsafe for her to attempt the voyage home, and the continued excitement of the long period that elapsed between the death and the funeral of her distinguished husband.



NEW YORK CITY.—AN INCIDENT DURING THE MCFARLAND TRIAL, HELD IN THE NEW COURT-HOUSE.—MRS. CALHOUN-RUNKLE ON THE STAND LISTENING TO THE READING OF A LETTER BY COUNSEL FOR DEFENSE, WRITTEN BY ALBERT D. RICHARDSON TO MRS. MCFARLAND.

MRS. CALHOUN IN COURT.

An incident of the McFarland trial was the presence in court, on Monday, May 2d, of Mrs. Runkle, formerly Calhoun, as a witness on behalf of the prosecution. Mrs. Calhoun had become notorious as the author of letters written to Mrs. Richardson, when she was Mrs. McFarland, in which she encouraged that lady to adopt the stage as a profession. Much curiosity was felt to see this lady, and to hear her explanations.

She had been charged by the defense, in the opening address to the jury, as a "procuress," and was referred to by other epithets, as vile as they were vulgar, because she had spoken carelessly and warmly to one she esteemed her friend. Her presence in court, and her simple and direct answers to the questions of counsel for defense, as well as those she gave on her direct examination, disarmed all who listened of whatever prejudices they might have entertained toward her; and the general verdict was that she was a "woman" and a "lady," and that she acted as became her, in both capacities, to one who had sought her counsel and material assistance in the hour of need.

Mr. Graham, in speaking to the court of the witness, called her "this woman," and immediately thereafter, in apologetic tones, corrected himself by saying he meant to address her as "this lady," having no desire to impugn her conduct in any way.

The scene taken by our artist is at the moment Mrs. Runkle is asked by the defense:

"Did you ever know that Mr. Richardson declared that when he fastened his eyes on a married woman, he would not be bullied?"

Mrs. Runkle: "It sounds so unlike him, that, except upon your authority, I should find it difficult to believe it."

Mr. Graham: "He says in this letter, 'Don't be disturbed about your family, little girl. Families always respect accomplished facts (my hobby, you know). I once outraged mine a great deal worse than you ever can yours—and they are the strictest sect of Puritans—but time made it all correct.' Did you ever know that he was the father of such a sentiment, before to-day?"

Mrs. Runkle: "I think it is capable of a fair interpretation as well as of an unfair one."

THE LATE MRS. EMMA WILLARD.

Mrs. EMMA WILLARD, the distinguished teacher and author, and founder of the Troy (N. Y.) Seminary, died at her residence in that city on Friday, April 15th, in the eighty-fourth year of her age. Mrs. Willard had been in feeble health for many years, but retained so much physical strength as to walk about the house, and her mental faculties remained good and clear. During the winter she had a seri-

ous illness, but rallied from it, and on the day of the funeral of General Thomas, was able to receive a call from General Sherman. Her pupils are to be found in every part of the country, and they all became attached to her, and remembered her with love and veneration. She was born in the town of Berlin, Connecticut,

February 23, 1787. Her maiden name was Emma Hart. In 1807 she was at the head of the academy in Berlin, in which she had been a pupil three years before. She had just passed her twentieth year when she received three applications to take charge of as many schools—one at Westfield, Mass., one at Hudson, N. Y.,

and the third at Middlebury, Vt. She went first to Westfield. She did not find her labors equal to her capacity or her ambition, and accepted a second call to Middlebury, to take entire charge of its female academy. She had a brilliant success, and her school became famous. In 1812, she married Dr. John Willard, and for a time was not engaged in teaching. But her husband having met with financial reverses, in 1814, with his approbation, she opened a boarding-school. She remained in Middlebury until 1819, when she was prevailed upon to remove to Waterford, N. Y. She had previously written a treatise on the education of women, which she had submitted to Governor DeWitt Clinton. The governor alluded to the plan of education she proposed, in a message to the Legislature. The plan was subsequently published in the form of an address to the Legislature. In May, 1821, Mrs. Willard accepted an offer to remove her school from Waterford to Troy. The corporation offered to provide a building and a plot of ground, valued at \$7,865, for an annual rental of \$400. In 1837, without grant from the State, the trustees of the new seminary had sufficient property to come under the supervision of the Regents. Dr. Willard died in 1825, leaving the entire responsibility of the school in his wife's hands. Its popularity increased daily, and scholars came from all parts of the Union, from Canada, and the West Indies. In 1838, Mrs. Willard resigned the charge to her son and his wife. During a European tour in 1831 she became interested in a project to promote the education of women in Greece, and published a volume under the title of "Journal and Letters," the proceeds of which—\$1,100—were given to the society which had that object in view. After her retirement from the Troy Seminary, Mrs. Willard became specially interested in the subject of common schools. She attended many conventions, and addressed teachers in various States. In 1846 she made a journey of 8,000 miles through the Western and Southern States, to all the principal cities, and was met by her former pupils everywhere with warm expressions of affection. At seminaries for the education of girls she was received as a founder and pioneer of this class of institutions. In 1854, Mrs. Willard again, accompanied by her niece, Miss Lincoln, recrossed the ocean to attend the World's Educational Convention at London. After the convention, Mrs. Willard accompanied her sister, Mrs. Phelps, her son and two daughters, through France, Switzerland, Northern Italy, Germany and Belgium. Mrs. Willard occupies the first place in the gallery of American teachers. She founded the first scientific female seminary. She was an author, of whose books more than a million copies have been circulated. She has done immense labor in the promotion of general education, and her works live after her to testify to her worth as the model woman of America.



THE LATE MRS. EMMA WILLARD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. CORDEY.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—EARLY MORNING ON THE ASHLEY RIVER, NEAR CHARLESTON, S. C.—A FLATBOAT, LADEN WITH VEGETABLES, ON THE WAY TO MARKET.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

THE engravings in this issue, of Southern scenes, accurately illustrate the life and social status of the negro on the Ashley and Cooper rivers, and the Sea Islands, particularly those within the jurisdiction of South Carolina. No longer held in a state of abject servitude, these cultivators of small arable tracts of land seem to labor with an industry and persistency which markedly contrasts with the indolence they displayed anterior to the rebellion. Their "garden patches" are sources of great profit, and very many cultivators are known to be among the richest of the laboring classes. The old theory, that negroes, without a master and the whip of the overseer, would relapse into barbarism, and become a burden to the

whites, has been exploded. They are now acknowledged, even by the most prejudiced of the late "ruling classes," to be in the main industrious and frugal—saving up money against a rainy day. As a free, peasant population, they are infinitely more profitable to the South than they were when accounted "chattels," and in intelligence ranked but one or two removes from the brute creation. To-day they are the chief reliance of the whites in the cotton States; and this fact, not unknown to them, doubtless incites them to appear to the very best advantage among their "political compeers" of the Caucasian race, whose good-will they naturally and ardently seek. The sketches are truthful, and represent, first, early morning on the Ashley river; and, second, taking vegetables by land to Charleston. On the Ashley and Cooper

rivers, scows are rowed down-stream, laden with such garden products as are salable in Northern ports. When the vegetables are taken to the market, or to the wharves at Charleston, they are readily disposed of to speculators. A small percentage only is purchased by the citizens, the rest being shipped in sloops, schooners, and steamers to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. Baltimore is considered the best market, as the "truck" is not there so stale or wilted as when taken to more distant marts. Possibly, one advantage which the present generation of the colored population of the South has over the white, rests in the fact, that the women are quite as strong and as devoted to labor as the men. Thirty or forty years hence, this may not be the case. The young negro girls of that day will doubtless be desirous of

imitating their white sisters in all manners and fashions; and when they do, their husbands, brothers, and fathers, like those of the pale-faces of this era, will have all the work for their share of life's "toll and trouble."

A SPRING SCENE IN WASHINGTON PARADE-GROUND.

SINCE the introduction of the house or English sparrows to the squares and parks of New York, the little, sprightly, worm-deströying creatures have become great favorites with the more juvenile portion of our population. The sparrow, less than a decade ago, was an entire stranger to our streets and public grounds (where, at seasons, the larvae of



SOUTHERN SCENES.—ON THE ROAD—MEN AND WOMEN CARRYING VEGETABLES TO THE CHARLESTON, S. C., MARKET.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

certain insects denude the trees of their leaves, and make walking under them excessively disagreeable, and perhaps would have so continued, had not some philanthropic individual thought himself of their exceeding usefulness, and caused their importation into this country, where they have increased and multiplied most wonderfully. Children are never tired watching their pretty movements as they hop from branch to branch of shrub and tree, or, with short and rapid flight, circle upward, and then earthward, in pursuit of food for themselves, or little broods just out of their shells, and cooily nestled in the snug dwellings, which, "with all the modern improvements," public and private purses have caused to be erected for their accommodation, and where they live rent free, subject to no income or general tax. Happy creatures! Let us envy their lot! "They spin not, neither do they toil," and yet man and nature combine, with a love that is wholly unselfish, to clothe and house them! Our illustration proves also that their bed and board is gratuitously provided. These little balls of cotton lying on the grass, and which some of the feathered denizens of the Washington Parade-Ground have already seized in their bills, and are about to carry to their dwellings, are dropped there for their especial use. The little, eager creatures are not always content to return to their nests with a single ball. Some of them will fasten their bills into two or more at times, and then, with a burden twice the size of their bodies, successfully mount the air, and wing their way to the home which has been fastened in the crotch of an ancient elm, or the limb of some other of the forest trees, which vainly strive to grow strong and thrifty in the ancient burial-ground, which, before it was dignified by the name of Washington, was called the Potter's Field. The scene illustrated is that part of the Parade which borders on University Place and Fifth street, and almost immediately in front of the University building and church. It tells its own story. Our artist has entered into the spirit of the scene, and has given us the poetic as well as the material side of the picture.

THE CULTIVATION OF MUSHROOMS.

[In place of our usual Scientific Notes and Gossip, we make room this week for the following article on the cultivation of that most delicious of all vegetables, the mushroom. It is the most profitable article sent to our markets, and the demand for it cannot be supplied.—Ed.]

Mushrooms are grown artificially in hotbeds in different ways, and we proceed to indicate the means generally adopted, and the precautions necessary to be observed:

1st. The preparation of the manure destined to form the hotbed.

2d. The formation and management of the bed.

PREPARATION OF THE MANURE.

A very important matter is this, and on its judicious management success entirely depends. Nearly all the failures to procure mushrooms arise from ignorance on this point. It may be performed in all seasons, but success is more certain in spring and autumn than at other times.

Take good horse-manure proportionate to the number of hotbeds required, giving preference to that from draught or working horses. Draw the fork through it to extract the long straw and hay, and take care to remove dirt or any other unsuitable substance.

Let the ground selected for forming the bed be smooth and fresh, and be protected from the incursions of poultry. On it deposit the manure in a heap four feet high. Length and width optional.

After wet pressing or stamping, leave it level, but with a surface like the markings on a millstone. If in summer, and the weather be dry and hot, wet the heap abundantly; in the contrary case, do not water at all. The manure should neither be dry nor too moist. At the end of eight or ten days, when it has fermented briskly (which is known by the white color of the interior, and is even noticeable on the surface), the whole heap should be turned and reconstructed on the same spot, taking care to place all the manure that was on the outside in the interior of the heap, together with any portion that may not have undergone equal fermentation. The bed must again remain eight or ten days, at the end of which time it will have gained nearly as much heat as at first. Again it must be turned, as previously, and in about five or six days the manure acquires the degree of mildness requisite.

It is not always easy to judge when the proper condition has been reached, but it is essential; and this it is which makes practice almost indispensable; for on proper discernment at this stage rests the ultimate success of the bed.

When the manure has become odorless, is of a brownish color, binds well, is soft, and, on being pressed, does not give out any water, then it may be considered good. If it will not bind, or is plucky and wet, it has not arrived at a suitable state. In the first instance it must be moderately moistened and turned about; but in the second the superabundance of humidity will, in all probability, have spoiled it, and it will be better to recommence.

One frequent cause of failure in the attempt to cultivate mushrooms arises from the very small quantity of manure used for the experiment. It may easily be imagined how much more difficult it is to obtain an equal fermentation in a very small bed, which is influenced on all sides by the atmosphere, than when a bed of considerable size is formed. It is, therefore, recommended that a larger quantity be prepared than would be required for the formation of the mushroom-bed. The portion not used may be employed for ordinary purposes, without having undergone a perceptible deterioration in its fertilizing quality.

THE FORMATION AND MANAGEMENT OF MUSHROOM-BEDS.

The manure having reached a proper condition, the spaw should be introduced. In spring and summer the bed should be situated in the shade; in autumn and the beginning of winter, a southern aspect; but in all seasons it is best in a cellar or other sheltered place, well closed in and darkened.

The size of the bed should be from 21 inches to 26 inches at the base, and the same measurement in height, finishing off span-shape. The sides must be gently beaten with a spade to make them even and solid; afterward, the bed should be combed with a fork over the surface and on both sides, from top to bottom, so as to draw out any straw which might be too near the surface. Finally, spread over it some litter, which must always be kept dry, and in this condition the bed is left for several days. In summer, watering it from time to time with tepid water.

Littering down is only necessary for beds placed out of doors or in sheltered positions where light penetrates. Those made in perfect shade and darkness do not require it.

After a few days the bed will have reached a moderate degree of heat (70° to 80°), which can be ascertained by the insertion of the probe generally used for hot-beds.

The next process is dibbling or planting the spaw. That manufactured in England is made into the form

of oblong square cakes or bricks; but that imported from France is in thin layers. The latter is the variety used by the market gardeners around Paris. Both kinds are impregnated with a whitish filament or felt-like substance, consisting of mushroom-plant, and possessing the property of reviving after having been kept dry in a granary for several years.

The process of dibbling is performed with the hand, by making little oblique openings about 2½ inches in diameter, and of the same depth. Into each opening is introduced a piece of spaw.

If English spaw is used, each piece is about the size of a small hen's egg; but if French, a flake of about the same diameter as the opening into which it is inserted is the proper quantity. The manure removed in making the hole is then restored, and well pressed down. Mushroom spaw should always be in a dry condition for conveyance, to insure its preservation; but so used, it often happens that it takes root too slowly, allowing the bed in the meantime to become cool. To obviate this inconvenience, the spaw should be deposited four or five days before planting in some damp situation (in a cellar, for example) which will make it soft, and facilitate the vegetation; but care must be taken that it does not become moldy. The openings are made equidistant, nine inches apart, on two lines, the first commencing three inches from the base, and the second five to six inches above the first, the holes on the first line alternating with those on the second in a triangular pattern. This being done, the bed is again littered over, and at the end of a few days it must be examined to ascertain if the spaw has taken root, which will be known by the increase of white filament in the dibbling-hole spreading itself in the bed. If not, the spaw, which has become black, is carefully withdrawn; and, in holes skillfully made by the side of the old ones, a new supply is immediately introduced; unless the bed may have become overheated, in which case it is allowed to repose until it has returned to a suitable temperature, which should not decline below 75°, nor rise above 80°.

If the spaw has taken well, it is allowed to remain six or eight days, to permit of its penetrating to the top of the hot-bed, when the latter is pressed firmly with the hands before earthing it. This operation consists in covering the entire bed with a layer of finely-sifted earth, about one-third of an inch thick, which is properly adjusted by lightly pressing it down with the back of a spade. The litter is then replaced and lightly watered, if the reason requires it. The litter should never be taken off in any season, as its presence tends to keep the bed for a longer time in bearing. The most suitable temperature for beds in bearing is 50° to 55°, and as a high temperature causes the mushrooms to come small, this should be avoided.

In gathering mushrooms, only a small space should be uncovered at a time. The gathering being finished, a little sifted earth must be placed over the spots from whence the mushrooms were removed, and the litter immediately restored. In dry seasons, after gathering, it is often useful to water moderately under the litter; but in wet seasons it is frequently needful to renew the litter, which may have become too much saturated with rain. The produce from one bed usually lasts from two to three months; but if in a cellar, it might last from four to five months.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A HOME melodist—A baby.

A SCULLERY—A boat-house.

A "ROMAN FALL"—A nun's veil.

FASCINATING ladies—Arch-duchesses.

MORNING envelopes—Dressing-gowns.

"FIDDLE-STICKS"—Bad violin players.

UNPLEASANT strains of music—Cracked voices.

MAIDS of honor—Those who do not jilt their suitors.

A FRIEND at a pinch—One who shares his snuff-box with you.

"ONE bumper at parting," as the drunkard said when he ran against the post.

WHY is the pronoun *we* but in an indifferent state of health? Because it is but half *we* (well).

YOUNG AMERICA thinks marriage must be favorable to longevity; an old maid never lives to be more than thirty.

WHAT is the difference between a lady's chignon and a man with one leg? One has the shin on (chignon), and the other has the shin off.

"I WILL preach from dat portion ob de Scripture, dis evenin'," said a colored dominie, "whar de 'postle Paul p'int his 'pistle at de 'pheasants."

AN old sailor, finding a corked bottle floating on the sea, opened it with the soliloquy, "Rum, I hope; gin, I think; tracts, by jingo!" and then threw it back into the water.

THE following ludicrous sentence is the result of a compositor's erroneous punctuation: "Caesar entered upon his head, his helmet upon his feet, armed sandals upon his brow, a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare!"

"DEAR me!" exclaimed Mr. Stiggins. "That new surgeon gave Squantum's boy a new lip from the child's own cheek! What a painful operation it must have been!" "I've had a pair of lips taken from my cheek more than once," replied Miss Stiggins, "and it wasn't a painful operation at all."

THE story going the rounds, of the little boy who refused to pray for his brother, "because he killed my little kitten this morning," reminds me of another little fellow, who, after repeating the Lord's Prayer, was accustomed to extemporize, which, on one occasion, he did thus: "Please, God, bless papa and mamma, and—and, and, if you're a mind to, you may bless Aunt Effie—but I don't much care!"

A PAPER is going the rounds, about a girl in Chester, Vermont, dying from tight-lacing. An editor, commenting on the fact, says: "These corsets should be done away with, and if the girls can't live without being squeezed, we suppose men can be found who would sacrifice themselves. As old as we are, we would rather devote three hours a day, without a cent of pay, as a brevet corset, than see these girls dying off in that manner. Office hours almost any time."

AN old lady, residing not far from Exeter, was, perhaps, one of the most brilliant examples of conjugal tenderness that the last century produced. Her husband had long been dying, and at length, on the clergyman of the parish making one of his daily visits, he found him dead. The disconsolate widow, in giving him an account of her spouse's last moments, told him her "poor, dear man kept groaning, but could not die. At last," said she, "I recollected I had got a piece of new red tape in the drawer; so I took some of that, and tied it as tight as I could round his neck, and then I stopped his nose with my thumb and finger, and—poor dear!—he went off like a lamb."

THERE was, many years ago, a Laxy Man's Society organized in a certain town. One of the articles required that no man belonging to the society should ever be in a hurry. Should he violate this article, he must stand treat to the other members. Now, it happened, on a time, that the village doctor was seen driving post-haste through the streets to visit a patient. The members of the society saw him, and chuckled over the idea of a treat; and, on his return, reminded him of his fast driving and violation of the rules. "Not at all," said the doctor. "The truth is, my horse was determined to go, and I felt too lazy to stop him." They did not catch him that time.

PROOF OF THE PERMANENCY OF

DR. SHERMAN'S

Rupture-cure Method.

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RUPTURED

patient can feel after being cured, and add my testimony in favor of Dr. Sherman's remedies, and advise the ruptured to confide in his abilities and remedies, if they would be cured. Given this day, April 11th, 1870, in the office of Dr. Sherman, 697 Broadway, New York. B. G. DENNISON, Portland, Me.

SODA AND MINERAL WATERS.

THE BIGELOW MANUFACTURING COMPANY, of Springfield, Mass., have opened a store at 309 Broadway, N. Y., where they are exhibiting their patent POLAR SODA APPARATUS, in various sizes, and of beautiful designs, at prices ranging from \$60 to \$2,000. In front of the show-room is an elaborate fountain of the most exquisite workmanship, from which they are drawing soda of their own manufacture, and the most approved mineral waters from the celebrated laboratory of Dr. Hanbury Smith & Hazard. Mr. E. Bigelow, the superintendent of the company, is the patentee of the polar apparatus, and, in its construction, his intelligent and scientific skill have culminated in the perfecting of an apparatus which far outvalues all others. The syrup receptacles are of stone china, and the faucets lined with porcelain. The coolers are constructed upon new and novel principles, the soda being drawn uniformly at almost the lowest degree of cold. In rapid action, on the 30th of April last, congealed water was drawn many times, a result never before attained by any other apparatus. In the manufacture of the fountains, great care is taken that every part shall be protected by silver, porcelain, or block-tin, so as to insure against the deleterious effects of lead, brass or copper. The constant throng of customers around the immense fountain at 309 Broadway gives great assurance that the "Bigelow" will be a popular rendezvous for the most delightful "drinks" during the coming summer. The agent of the Company, Mr. David White, will explain to all visitors and intending purchasers the *modus operandi* of the above magnificent fountains.

THE NEW OR "OXYGEN GAS."—The subjoined extract is taken from a recent issue of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, of this city: "The new Prefect of the Seine has authorized the firm of Tessie, Du Motay & Cie to establish subterranean passages in Paris for lighting the city, in part, with oxygen gas. A canal will connect the manufactory of the gas at Pantin with the Boulevards, so that in a few months all the houses between the new opera-house and the passage Jouffroy will be able to profit by the immense advantages which the new light offers over the gas. Oxyphele lanterns have already been placed at the entrance to the European Bazaar, near the passage Jouffroy, and throws out light of extraordinary whiteness and brilliancy, before which the old gas pales, or, rather, assumes a yellowish cast. We take the opportunity to congratulate monsieur le Prefect on having ratified a measure so conformable to the general interest, and which appears to us the indispensable corollary of the great works which have been undertaken in Paris in the last few years."

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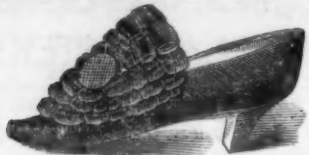
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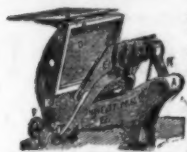
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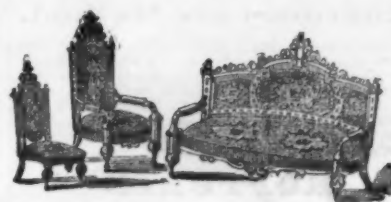
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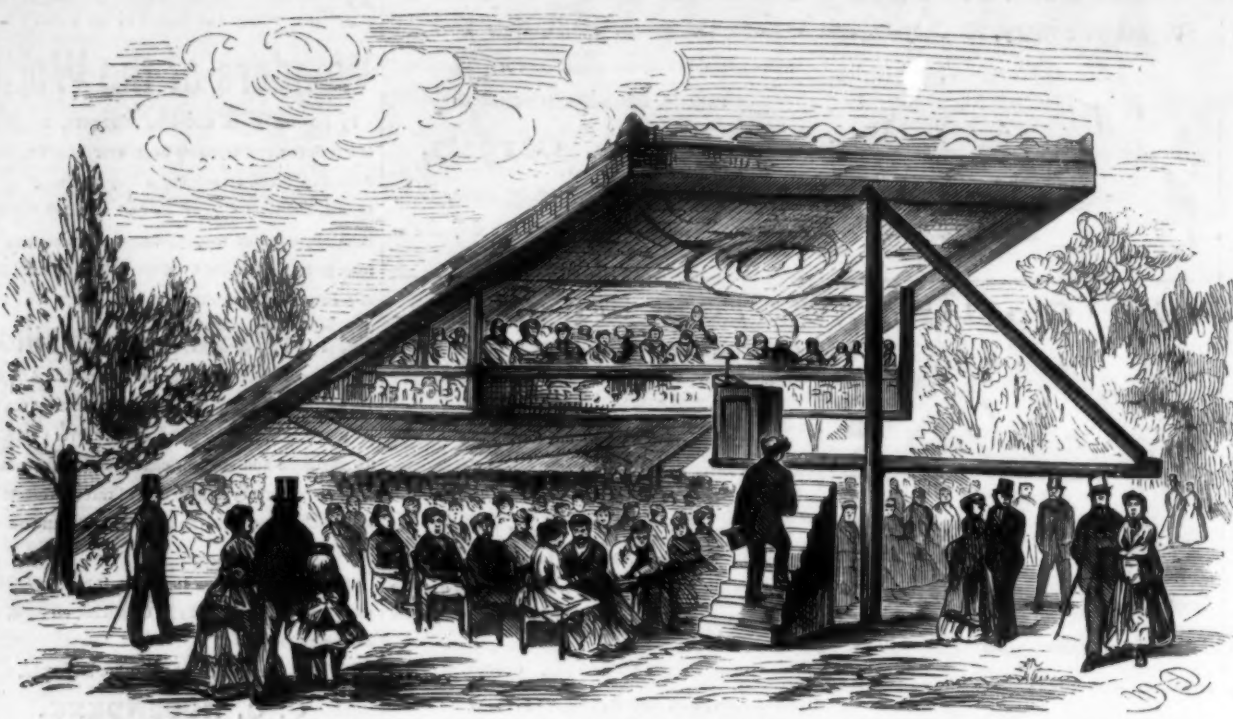
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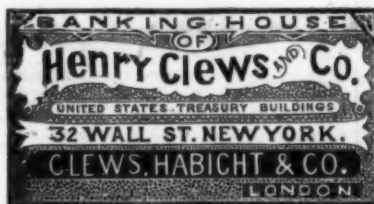
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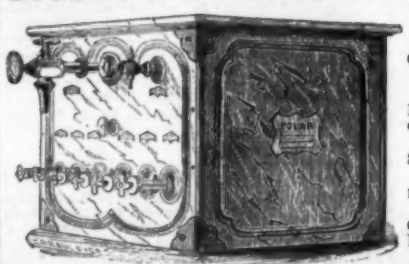
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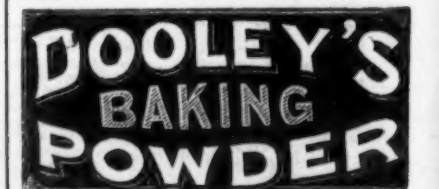
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